THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LIX No. 18—E. J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. $1 per year in advance, $1.50 if not so paid

NAPANEE, ONT., CANADA—FRIDAY, APRIL 2nd, 1920.

DOXSEE & CO.

Important Easter Exhibit of

NEW SPRING MILLINERY

We have always specialized in Ladies', Misses' and Children's Hats, so it is only natural that women find our selection a little smarter and better than elsewhere. Get your Easter Hat here.

Blouses—Georgette Crepe shades, black, navy blue, flesh and mauve : sizes up to 44.

Easter Neckwear in lace collars and setts both in white and ecrue, a very pretty collar and vest combined in lace an organdy.

Corsets—See them before buying.

The Leading Millinery House

1869 — 600 BRANCHES — 1919

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

THE ROAD FROM THE FARM TO THE BANK SHOULD BE WELL WORN

Go to the Manager of the nearest Royal Bank branch with your financial difficulties while they are small and he can usually help you.

Your affairs will be treated with strict confidence. The Bank employees are pledged to secrecy about the business of every customer.

CAPITAL AND RESERVE $35,000,000

TOTAL RESOURCES $470,000,000

The Royal Bank of Canada has now received all Bonds of the 1919 Victory Loan. Subscribers are asked to kindly present their subscription receipts and obtain their bonds at once.

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA — ESTD. 1873

SAVINGS, Thrift, Independence—all these are the outcome of the same impulse and attain the same objective—PROSPERITY. The Standard Bank of Canada can help you to attain it. 222

THE

STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

NAPANEE BRANCH

R. R. WHITE - - - MANAGER

BRANCHES ALSO AT:
BELLEVILLE, BRIGHTON, CAMDEN EAST, DESERONTO, MARYSVILLE, NEWBURGH, PICTON, SELBY, TRENTON.

Sap Buckets Spiles

We have a full new stock of these goods at right prices.

All kinds of Hardware, Tools, Etc.

Ready-Mixed Paints and Varnishes.

BEN. F. DAVY,

Next to Caton's.

Sap Buckets and Spiles now in stock at **Wilson's Hardware Store**

No spoiled films if our Toronto expert does your developing and printing. Prices have not advanced. Work done promptly. Terms, cash with order : mail order add postage. WALLACE'S, agents for Kodaks.

The Napanee Branch

Great War Veterans' Association

Meets every 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of each month.

Clubrooms situated in Harshaw Block, Dundas St.

LOOK HERE!

Car Best Corn

Car Best Oats

Ground and Mixed $3.25 per 100.

Bran Shorts, and best Flour at close prices. Frost wire fencing and gates always on hand. All kinds farm seeds. See me before selling your hay, straw and grain

FRED. A. PERRY,

Dundas Street,

NAPANEE, - ONTARIO.

Opposite Campbell House.

APPLICATION OF PARLIAMENT.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made by the Municipal Corporation of the Township of Amherst Island to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Ontario at the ensuing sittings thereof for an Act ratifying and confirming an agreement between the said Municipal Corporation and the Kingston Navigation Company, Limited, providing for the payment by the said Municipal Corporation to the said Navigation Company of the sum of Ten Thousand Dollars by way of loan in consideration of the establishment by the Navigation Company of a certain steamer service between the said Township of Amherst Island and the City of Kingston, Ontario, said loan to be secured by mortgage upon the steamer in question and to be repaid with interest in five annual instalments.

Notice is also given of application that the said Act authorize the said Corporation to raise the said sum of Ten Thousand Dollars by the issue of debentures, and further notice is given that the said Corporation has no existing debenture debt

KING & SMYTHE,

Solicitors for the Applicants.

Dated at Kingston, this 3rd day of February, A.D., 1920.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that John James Garrison, of the Township of Camden, in the County of Lennox & Addington, in the Province of Ontario, will apply to the Parliament of Canada at the next session thereof, for a bill of divorce from his wife Gertrude Frances Garrison, of the city of Belleville in the county of Hastings, Province of Ontario, on the ground of adultery.

Dated at the Township of Camden in the county of Lennox & Addington, this 13th day of December, A. D. 1919.

Herrington, Warner, & Grange

Napanee, Ontario, solicitors for the applicant. 3-13t

TOWN COUNCIL MEETING

SPECIAL SESSION

Council met in special session on Monday evening at the call of the Mayor.

Present—Mayor Robinson in the chair ; Reeve Graham, and Councillors Boyes, McGregor, Rodlin, Ming, Lowry, Paul.

Tenders for street watering were received from Messrs. John Gleeson, Jas. H. Hicks, G. Nelson, G. Chatterson and G. Grieve. The rate per day asked was the same in each tender, namely $6.00 per day for team and team.

On motion of Councillors Lowry and Boyes the above tenders were referred to the Streets Committee with power to act.

The Fire Water and Light Committee presented a report in reference to the requisition for supplies from the Fire Department. They recommended the purchasing of the following necessities : 250 feet of Red Cross hose, one Simese connection, one La France Smoke and Gas Mask, and seven pairs of rubber boots.

The report was received and adopted after it had been amended to read that the seven pairs of rubber boots be purchased from local dealers.

Coun. MacGregor, chairman of the Streets Committee reported on the condition of the swing bridge. In company with Provincial Highway Engineer Smith he had made an inspection of the bridge, and in the opinion of the engineer it was in very good condition, and should last at least twenty years more. It will have to be covered as soon as possible, as the present covering is in bad condition. The question of re-inforced concrete for the approaches was also considered. The work of repairing the bridge was left with the Committee.

Mr. Smith, Government Engineer Provincial Highway, quoted to the council a price of $1.05 per yard for crushed stone, all sizes.

On motion the above offer was accepted.

On motion the council decided to have the telephone in Clarksville (used for fire purposes) removed to the home of Mr. George Grass.

Mr. H. Hunter addressed the council asking for a new cement walk on the east side of John street, between Bridge and Thomas streets. Mr. Hunter stated the residents on the street wanted the walk placed outside the trees, and they were willing to pay their outside assessment when the work was completed.

Referred to the Streets Committee to report.

Mr. Thos. Pearson made application for the appointment to the position of street man for keeping the streets clean during the summer of 1920, at a salary of $12.00 per week.

Referred to the Streets Committee.

Reeve Graham made a verbal report to the council in reference to the visit of the deputation from the council to Toronto to interview the Minister of Highways concerning the Provincial Highway passing through the town. The council is desirous of having the road through Napanee completed this year, if possible, hence the visit to Toronto. The deputation was successful in getting an interview with Mr. McLean, Deputy Minister of Highways, and talked the situation over. He would not consult the department to any definite action, but a government engineer would look the situation over and present a report to the department, and in a short time the council would be notified as to what action the government would take. In order to assure to the town a properly constructed road the deputation asked that that portion of the road which the town had to construct be also supervised by government engineers. The government pays the cost of a twenty foot road, and the town pays the cost of the balance. The deputation came home impressed with the idea that if at all possible their request would be granted.

Coun. F. S. Boyes presented a verbal report to the council concerning the visit of a deputation of the council to Toronto to interview Mr. C. Price Green, Industrial and National Resourses commissioner of the Canadian National Railways. The deputation was cordially received by Mr. Greene, and gave them an outline of what other towns were doing in the matter of securing industries. The first step in a successful campaign to secure industries for our town, was the getting of our own citizens in the proper feeling towards new industries. Mr. Greene would be pleased to visit Napanee at any time and address a gathering of the citizens and business men and others interested in the progress of our town. Mayor Robinson supplemented the remarks of Councillor Boyes by saying that there was no man in Canada to-day more competent to assist in the securing of new industries for our town than Mr. Greene. In fact he was anxious to help do this, as the building up of towns meant feeders for the Canadian National Railways. The Mayor's impression was that the Commissioner was strongly favourable towards Napanee Mayor Robinson, however, remarked that it was absolutely impossible for outsiders to inject prosperity into a town, it must come from the inside. Never before in the history of Canada had the smaller municipalities a better chance of securing industries than at the present time.

Moved by Coun. McGregor, seconded by Coun. Ming, that the Finance Committee be empowered to proceed with the arrangements for a banquet, which will be the forerunner of the forming of a live Board of Commerce, also for the purpose of giving the business people of Napanee a chance of hearing Mr. C. Price Green, Industrial and Natural Resources Commissioner of the Canadian National Railways. Carried unanimously.

Moved by Coun. Roblin, seconded by Coun. Boyes, that the Finance Committe be empowered to settle Mr. E. B. Miller's claim against the town for $125.00.—Carried.

The Finance committee reported that Mr. O. Powell's claim against the town for a broken leg by falling on the sidewalks could be settled for 875.00.

On motion the Finance committee were given power to settle with Mr. Powell for $[illegible] and the report adopted.

Colorite will make your last year's straw hat look like new. It comes in 16 beautiful colors, with a brush for putting on—Sold at WALLACE'S, sole agents for Napanee.

MRS. ASTOR AND PROHIBITION

Dear Sir,—

I should be very glad if you would allow me to make a personal explanation of a statement of mine which has been produced in a great many newspapers in America, and which has been very much mis-constructed.

When I was speaking in support or state purchase of the liquor trade in this country I used the words : "I hate the word prohibition ; I have enough of the devil in me, that if anyone prohibits a thing, it becomes the one thing I want."

This solitary phrase has been reproduced in many papers on both sides of the Atlantic, and implying that I am opposed to England voting itself dry, or being given opportunity for doing so, and I have received letters from a great many people expressing every variety of comment.

My objection was not to the abolition of drink by popular vote of the electors, but to the word "prohibition."

"Prohibition" does not seem to me a good description of what has just happened in America, because it was not an arbitrary ruling by a despotic government, but an act of self-denial passed with the support of an overwhelming majority of the people.

I am sure that majority does not yet exist in England, and so we must go for what is the most immediately practical measure, i.e. state control of the liquor trade.

I personally look forward to a day when England will be prepared to go as far as America has, but in the meantime I believe it would be impossible to impose that kind of prohibition successfully on an unwilling people, and we would only put our case back instead of forward if we pressed for it now.

Yours truly,

(Signed) NANCY ASTOR.

4, St. James Square, S.W.1,
9th March, 1920.

Dear Mrs. Denison,

I certainly was misrepresented about that remark on the word prohibition, in the American and Canadian newspapers, and I am therefore enclosing you a copy of a letter which I sent to newspapers throughout the United States to correct this mis-quotation.

Thank you very much for the kind things you say about my election, and for writing to me.

Yours sincerely,

NANCY ASTOR.

R. M. D. No. 6, Napanee,
Ontario, Canada.

Royal Purple Calf Meal is unexcelled. Get it at

Wilson's Hardware Store

EASTER MORN

Oh, joy ! joy ! joy ! arise, arise and sing,
Rejoice, rejoice, our Christ has risen King,
Reigns, he reigns with God forever more ;
He rose, He rose and opened wide the door
For all, for all, that in Him will believe
They life, yes life everlasting, shall receive ;
Now joy, joy, joy, sing o'er and o'er again,
Glory to God, and Christ His son, amen.

J. AMES.

PUSSY WILLOWS

'Tis winter and the girls and boys
Are on the pond below ;
Their skates and songs make merry noise,
While gliding to and fro ;
The pussy-willows on each side
Are cuddled snug and tight
In little shining wraps they hide
From every wintry sight.

'Tis spring, the little pussies all
Have kicked their wraps aside
Are peeping out ; each fluffy ball
The children soon espied ;
Oh ! pussy willows ; See ! they're out,
Fleet for the trees they rush
With knives and fingers, turn about,
Till each one has a bush.

Says little Bess, I tell you that
She stroked the soft grey fur,
I know it ain't a rovale cat,
Because it does not purr ;
See ! Nellie cries, her branch held high,
This just like Aaron's rod,
And pussies soft from stalk so dry
A miracle of God.

J. AMES.

STELLA

The Islanders have quit driving on the ice, as it is not considered safe for travelling on.

The mail is crossing by ice boat.

Quite a number from here attended M. Smith's sale at Collins' Bay and at Robinson's auction sale on the Front road recently.

The congregation of the Presbyterian church held a concert in Victoria Hall on March 19th. It was well attended.

William Taylor has taken possession of the farm recently vacated by D. H. Smith, South Shore.

The trappers are busily engaged just now catching muskrats. They are not very plentiful here this spring.

The high school is closed. Miss Buchanan was taken seriously ill, and was removed to her home. She was accompanied by Miss Alderson. It is not expected that the school will be opened again until after Easter.

Measles have made their appearance here.

Mrs. T. Baker has purchased a lot from S. Glenn, and will have a house erected on it in the spring.

Mr. Munroe, Emerald, has moved into the house recently vacated by E. Walker.

Mr. McCormick has returned after an extended visit to his old home in Ireland.

H. B. Sabiston is here getting the Stella cheese factory in readiness for the opening.

Capt. Dan. A. Cameron, baritone of Ottawa, (formerly Belleville) will sing at the meeting of the Musical Club on Tuesday evening, April 6th.

LT.-COL. EMSLEY'S WILL

Lt.-Col. William Henry Emsley, whose will has been probated at London, Ontario, leaves a personal estate valued at $9,840. Col. Emsley was the senior military chaplain of Military District No. 1, and the first Methodist minister to volunteer for service overseas. He went to Valcartier on August 16th, 1914.

By a will made on October 24th, 1905, he bequeathed to his wife, Mrs. Susie (Major) Emsley, all his furniture, plate, pictures, crockery, live stock, stable effects and other household effects. He appointed his wife and his two sons, Capt. Joseph Henry Emsley, M. C. and Sergt. Albert Lawrence Seaborn Emsley, the trustees of his estate.

To them he bequeathed in trust :—A one-ninth share in 26 houses at Shackhills, Barnsley, Yorkshire, England ; 12 houses at Measbro' Dyke, Yorkshire ; a shop in Sackville St., Barnsley ; four houses at Westgate, Barnsley ; a warehouse at Westgate, Barnsley ; the Flocton Main Colliery, formerly known as the West Gawbey Colliery ; three fields at Shackhills, partly occupied by the Barnsley Metallic Brick Company ; five houses at Gawber street, Bethnal Green, London ; lot 5, block 62, Kitimat, British Columbia ; a $3,000 in the Federal Life Insurance Company ; a $2,000 in the Oddfellows' Relief Association ; policy for $1,000 in the Confederation Life Association of Toronto.

To his wife he bequeathed the income from his estate as long as she did not remarry. In the event of her death or remarriage, the estate is to be divided into five equal shares. Each of his five children is to receive a share upon attaining his majority or marrying. The children are : Capt. Joseph Henry Major Emsley, M. C. ; Sergt. Albert Lawrence Seaborn Emsley ; Nursing Sister Lydia Evangeline Emsley ; Elizabeth Russell Emsley, Whitby ; Sergt. Walter Raley Emsley.

Daly's good tea for sale at WALLACE'S Drug Store.

WALLACE'S are special agents in Napanee for Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and all his other remedies.

The Napanee Musical and Literary Club

will present

GILBERT & SULLIVAN'S OPERA

"THE MIKADO"

under the direction of

MR. U. F. TELGMANN, of Kingston

In the Armouries, Napanee

On Monday and Tuesday Evenings

April 12th and 13th

Splendid Choruses. Excellent Orchestra

Reserved Seats, 75c. & $1. Rush Seats, 50c.

Plan open Saturday at Hooper's Drug Store.

Telephone and Mail Orders may be sent to Mrs. W. S. Herrington.

"SALADA" Tea is Pure Tea, Fragrant and of Delicious Flavor, stimulating and refreshing. "Watch for the Name" on every genuine sealed packet.

"SALADA"

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27 Years in Public Service.

SALE NOTES

Save yourself the time worry and inconvenience of collecting your sale notes by having this Bank do it for you.

We will look after all payments when due and credit the amount paid to your account.

Consult the Manager.

THE DOMINION BANK

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NAPANEE BRANCH

G. P. CARR, - - - - - Manager.

When You Travel, Even in Canada

carry your funds in Travellers' Cheques, issued by The Merchants Bank.

Personal cheques are often refused. Money may be lost or stolen.

Travellers' Cheques, on the other hand, are cashed by banks, hotels, transportation companies and stores at their face values, and enable you to raise ready money wherever you happen to be. If lost, they are of no value to the finder ; if stolen or destroyed, they will be replaced without extra charge. Use them for your next journey.

THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

Head Office : Montreal. Established 1864.

Napanee Branch, - - - E. R. Cheadley, Manager
Yarker, Verona and Parham Branches, - J. W. McClymont, Manager
Tamworth Branch, - - - S. D. Whaley, Manager

WANTED—A good new milch cow. Apply Box 147, or 'Phone 207, Napanee. 14-c-tf

TO RENT—Store in the Blewett block, next door to the Dominion Bank. Immediate possession. Also small house to rent. Apply to MISS BLEWETT, over the Dominion Bank, John street, Napanee. 14-c-tf

FOR SALE—Commodious frame house, and large lot, on Isabella St., electric lighted, first-class well, good garden, etc. Also a Heintzman square piano, rose wood case. Apply to O. R. LAIDLEY, Albion St., Belleville ; or Percy Laidley, Hydro-Electric, Napanee. 17-tf

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the estate of Mary Ann Phippen, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, pursuant to Chapter 121 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1914, Section 56, and amending Acts, that all persons having any claims or demands against the estate of Mary Ann Phippen late of the Township of Frederickburgh, in the County of Lennox and Addington, deceased, who died on or about the 25th day of January, A. D., 1920, are required to deliver or send by post prepaid to Herrington, Warner & Grange, Napanee, Ontario, solicitors for the executors of the last will and testament of the said Mary Ann Phippen, deceased, on or before the 10th day of May, A.D., 1920, their christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, with full particulars of their claims or demands duly verified, and the nature of the security if any held by them.

And further take notice that after the said 10th day of May, A.D. 1920, the said executors may proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate among the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims or demands of which they shall then have received notice, and shall not be liable for the said asets, or any part thereof so distributed, to any person or persons of whose claims or demands they shall not have received notice at the time of the distribution thereof.

Herrington, Warner & Grange,

Solicitors for the said Executors.

Dated this 1st day of April, 1920. 18-d

Stones Gathered from Ocean.

Operating off the coasts of Denmark and Sweden is a unique fleet of motor-boats and sailing vessels, which are equipped for gathering stones from the bottom of the ocean to supply the first-named country with material for building harbor works, says the Popular Mechanics. Recently the boats have been forced to work in deep water at a considerable distance from shore, because the supply of stones in shallower water has been exhausted.

Brighten up your car this season with Kwick-work or Martin-Senour Auto Enamel. Sold only at **Wilson's Hardware Store.**

Some Valuable Farms FOR SALE

Apply to T. B. GERMAN.

GIRL WANTED—Good smart girl. Apply at Paisley House. 17-b

FOR SALE—Gas Stove, six dining chairs, some rugs. Will sell at a bargain. Apply Mrs. C. I. Magee. 18

LOST—In or near Centreville, gent's gold ring initialed : F. W. R. will finder kindly notify F. W. Barrett, Napanee.

FOR SALE—A number of houses and lots in town, and also a number of desirable farms. Apply to T. B. GERMAN. 42-tf

FOR SALE—Black Walnut Bridge Organ, in first-class condition. Apply to MRS. JOHN POLLARD, Dundas St., Napanee. 18-c

FOR SALE—A small house, north side of Dundas stret, second house east of Adelphi street. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Napanee, Ont. 18-b

MILK HANDLERS WANTED

Must Furnish outfits. Excellent proposition for good men. Phone 268 evenings or call at office of **The Farmers Dairy Co., Napanee** 17b

FOR SALE—House and lot, being lot 14, south side of Ontario street, South Napanee, known as the D. G. Jennings lot, and now occupied by Joseph Lewis. Apply to T. B. GERMAN. 16-b

FOR SALE OR TO RENT—Large comfortable brick house, all modern conveniences, on John street, one block North of Post Office. Apply to MRS. J. M. PARROTT, Napanee ; or ERED PARROTT, R. R. 4, Belleville. 16-cp

FOR SALE—A Chevrolet touring car, in first-class running order, painted and overhauled this winter. For particulars and demonstration apply to JAMES FITZPATRICK, at the Campbell House. 17-b

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR DIVORCE

Notice is hereby given that Joseph Henry Forbes of the township of Kaladar, Addington & Effingham in the County of Lenox & Addington, in the Province of Ontario, returned soldier, will apply to the Parliament of Canada at the next session thereof for a bill of divorce from his wife, Bessie Forbes, whose last known address was Newport News, in the State of Virginia in the United States of America, on the ground of adultery.

Dated at Napanee, Province of Ontario, February 18th, 1920.

U. M. WILSON,

12-3m Solicitor for Applicant

The Napanee Express

E. J. POLLARD.
EDITOR and PROPRIETOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

All local reading notices or notices announcing entertainments at which a fee is charged or admission, will be charged at the rate of 5 cents per line for insertion, if in ordinary type. In black type the price will be 10c. per line each insertion.

E. & J. HARDY & CO.
Advertising Contractors and News Correspondents.
Fleet Street, London, E. C., England.

A file of this paper can be seen free of charge by visitors to London, to whom advice gratis will be given, if required.

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OFFICE — North Side Dundas Street
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HERRINGTON, WARNER & GRANGE
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MONEY TO LOAN AT LOW RATE
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MONEY TO LOAN AT LOWEST RATES.
OFFICE: Grange Block, 60 John Street
Napanee

DR. A. LEONARD, M.D., C.P.S.
Physician and Surgeon
Office Hours: Surgeon of the Kingston General Hospital
Residence—North side of Dundas Street, between Fortune and Water Streets, Napanee. 827

The Candy Store

Our Homemade Candy continues to please our patrons.

If you have not tried it call and get some on your way home. Your wife and family will appreciate it.

CHOCOLATES of all sorts and prices

P. PAPPAS
'Phone 208
The Candy Store.

FRANCE'S WAR GAINS.

Comes Out of Struggle With Additions to Territory.

France has gained important additions to her territory and producing power by the return of the rich coal area, Alsace-Lorraine area, and with it a permanent control of the German coal mines of the eastern territory of the Saar Valley. Alsace-Lorraine has an area of 5,600 square miles and a population, by the 1910 census, of 1,875,000. The chief cities are Strassburg, the capital, with a population of 179,000; Mulhausen, in Alsace, 95,000, and Metz, in Lorraine, 69,000. The chief agricultural products are wheat, rye, oats and wine; the mineral production in 1913 were 21,000,000 tons of iron ore and 3,600,000 tons of coal. The cotton manufactures were considered the most important in Germany and the woollen manufactures also of considerable importance. Germany, by the Peace Treaty, cedes to France the full ownership of the coal mines of the Saar Basin, which extends from the frontier of Lorraine to France as St. Wendel, including on the west the valley of the Saar as far as Saarbrucken and on the east as far as the town of Homberg. This coal area is to be governed by a commission appointed by the League of Nations, and at the end of fifteen years a plebiscite is to be taken to determine the wishes of the people as to union with France or Germany, or continued control by the League of Nations. France also gains in Africa about 100,000 square miles of area and about 1,500,000 people.

The chief changes in Italian territory consist of the addition of certain territory formerly included in the part of Austria and including the important port of Trieste; also a fringe of islands and mainland on the eastern frontage of the Adriatic, formerly a part of Hungary, but having a large Italian population. The details as to the area or population gained by Italy are not yet sufficiently determined to render possible an exact comparison, but apparently the territory added approximately 18,000 square miles, with a population of 2,000,000.

Death In Switzerland.

At the death of a person in Switzerland the family inserts a formal, black-edge announcement in the papers asking for sympathy, stating that the "mourning urn" will be exhibited during certain hours on a special day. In front of the house where the person died there is placed a little black table covered with a black cloth, on which stands a black jar. Into this the friends of the family drop little black-margined visiting cards, sometimes with a few words of sympathy on them. The urn is put on the table on the day of the funeral. Only men ever go to the churchyard, and then generally follow the hearse on foot.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

GERMANS KEPT GUNS

Were Trying to Evade Terms of Treaty.

Allied Agents Make Report Regarding Treacherous Action of Tentons Who Should Have Only 264 Cannon and No Airplanes, But Who Are Charged With Retaining Large Number In Hiding.

PARIS, March 30. — Three thousand five hundred field guns have been found by the inter-allied commission in the vicinity of Berlin alone, and altogether 13,000 of these guns have thus far been discovered throughout Germany, as well as 6,000 airplanes intact.

According to the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, the German army should now have only 204 3-inch guns and no airplanes whatsoever.

These discoveries and other information in possession of the French authorities have caused considerable skepticism here as to the reason given for the request of the Berlin Government that it be allowed to send troops into the neutral and occupied zones.

The fact that the request came before the Germans had executed any material clause of the treaty, although the time limit has expired on some three-score of them, also is declared in French official circles as laying the Germans open to suspicion of making another effort in efforts to avoid carrying out the engagements they entered into at Versailles.

Particular significance is attached by the French to the discovery of the guns, in view of the fact that the Germans, in connection with the allied commission, to which their excess of war material should have been delivered by March 10, said that it was impossible whether this material be delivered or destroyed, and that they preferred to destroy it.

Thus far, however, it was stated by a high official here Sunday, no evidence had been obtained by the commission of the destruction of material by the Germans. Lists have been furnished, it was said, but it has been impossible to verify them up to this time, as Premier Millerand declared saturday in the Chamber of Deputies.

The Allies have not yet given the Germans permission to send troops into the Ruhr district. The French continue to insist that military occupation of the neutral zone by Germans would further endanger execution of the Peace Treaty, declaring there would be no way of getting them out again except by force.

It is pointed out regarding possible guarantees that the Germans have proposed nothing explicit, beyond vague supervision by the Allies' commission, which is regarded in French circles as totally inadequate. The proposed Allied occupation of Frankfort and Darmstadt also is regarded by the French as ineffective.

In addition to her failure to take any steps to reduce the German armed force to 200,000 men, although the time limit expired 13 days, as pointed out by M. Millerand, Germany has done little or nothing, the French declare, to execute section 2 of about 36 clauses of the treaty on which the limit has already expired.

The only provision, as far as France is concerned, that has been duly executed, is that providing for the delivery of seeds for the spring planting in the devastated regions. It is admitted, however, that something has been done regarding some of the general provisions.

POLES WANT PEACE.

May End Warfare Against the Bolsheviki.

WARSAW, March 30.—Poland has sent a wireless to the Russian Bolshevik Government proposing peace to 10 as the date for meeting Soviet delegates with a view to negotiating for peace.

The note makes no mention of peace terms, dealing solely with the place and the date of the proposed meeting.

The place suggested for the peace discussion is the town of Borysov, 150 miles northeast of Minsk. The note says that in the event the Bolshevik commissaries agree to the meeting, to be held April 10 or later, the Polish military will cease military operations near the bridge in the region of Borysov 42 hours before that and order their representatives. Arrangements will be made, it is added, for Polish officers to await the Russian delegates at the spot where the line will cross the railroad tracts on the line between Minsk and Smolensk.

The note also gives the names of the men who will represent the Soviet Government at the conference.

The Polish army is holding all along the front in Podolia near the Bolshoviki have been centering the attacks of their big offensive in an effort to take Kamenetz-Podolsk, the city of Kamenetz-Podolsk, according to a Polish headquarters communique. The enemy has been using gas shells, artillery, armored trains, armored river boats, airplanes and cavalry in his attacks on various parts of the front, but has made no headway either in Podolia or elsewhere, according to the statement, although the fighting has been furious.

On the northern front, the Bolsheviki attacked between the rivers of Dvina and Beresina. The Poles counter-attacked and drove off the enemy.

Saves Another; Loses Own Life.

SOMERSET, Man., March 30.—Jacques Galiot of Notre Dame des Lourdes, is dead as a result of his heroic and successful attempt to save the life of A. Gouer, who was overcome by fumes of dynamite in the bottom of a well.

Gouer, through the assistance rendered by Galiot, was rescued, while the latter died from suffocation before he could be reached.

Catarrhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure catarrhal deafness, and that is by a constitutional remedy. Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Many cases of Deafness are caused by catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Catarrhal Deafness that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Circulars free. All Druggists 75c.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

NEWS TOPICS OF WEEK

Important Events Which Have Occurred During the Week.

The Busy World's Happenings Carefully Compiled and Put Into Handy and Attractive Shape for the Readers of Our Paper — A Solid Hour's Enjoyment.

WEDNESDAY.

St. Thomas is so short of soft coal that gas consumption will be without light and cooking gas.

Soviet newspapers state that Russia needs thirty-two billion roubles in gold to restore herself.

Sir Adam Beck scored the Dominion Government for its treatment of the Hydro development scheme.

Sergt.-Major MacNamara attacked Premier Drury in the Legislature in connection with the latter's tardy police.

The cost of Pullman travel is going up. The company is seeking approximately an increase of 20 per cent.

Estbonia and Livonia may go to war over boundary disputes. Both countries are making preparations for conflict.

Blenheim ratepayers have carried a by-law to authorize the expenditure of $10,000 for improved fire-fighting equipment.

H. S. Bowen, a carpenter, was almost instantly killed by lumber falling on his head out of a sling, at the Hydro forebay at Cochrane.

A business women's club was organized at Fort William with a representative membership of thirty-five business and professional women.

The Canadian Council of Agriculture planned for an international agrarian conference to be held at an early date, and to include Canadian and United States delegates.

Brakeman Brinkwater and Smith's Falls was fatally injured when run over by a freight car of a train off which he fell, a mile from Paquier, on the C.N.R., near Cochrane.

In commemoration of the silver jubilee of their archbishop, Roman Catholics of the Toronto diocese are to erect a residence for students entering upon courses in philosophy.

The resolution to repeal the State Daylight Saving Bill was defeated in the New York Assembly yesterday. This means that New York State will adopt the new time on Sunday next.

THURSDAY.

W. R. Milne, miller, of Frankford, died suddenly of heart failure.

Belleville is having a dental survey of the public school pupils conducted.

The maple sugar crop in Hastings while district promises to be one of the best in years.

Josaphat Thibaud of Montreal was sent to the penitentiary for three years for chicken thefts.

Ex-Kaiser Wilhelm has been allowed to go to Holland, a number of residence now being completed at Doorn.

Dutch manufacturers are planning a campaign to introduce the wooden shoe to the American continent.

Andrew Gray, ex-Warden of Leeds and Grenville, a leading dairyman and farmer, died at his home near Morton.

Gardening and flower-growing short courses are being conducted in St. Thomas, with great success in attendance.

The Imperial Oil Co. has formed a co-operative investment trust society for its employes throughout the Dominion.

Rev. Dr. James R. Menzies, sent from Toronto as a missionary to China, is reported to have been killed by bandits.

Dr. C. E. Blehn of Chesley has been appointed public school dental surgeon for Windsor and Walkerville at $2,000 a year.

It is announced that the Belgian Government has decided to sign the new treaty with Holland by which the provisions of 1839 are revised.

Prince William of Sweden, second son of King Gustave, is to visit Guatemala and Honduras where he will explore ruins of prehistoric Indian habitations.

Prof. E. E. Barnard of the Yerkes Observatory attributes the recent appearance of the Aurora Borealis to the disturbances known as "sun spots."

The Canadian Railway Association announced that railways in the Dominion will adhere to standard time this year, except in suburban schedules to suit local needs when municipalities and districts adopt daylight saving.

FRIDAY.

Capt. John F. Boulbee, an old resident of Paris, Ont., and retired naval officer, died in his 79th year.

President R. W. E. Burnaby of the U. F. O. was elected president of the Canadian Council of Agriculture.

Vancouver and Victoria were in wireless telephone communication for the first time Wednesday afternoon.

British Columbia expects to raise $400,000 additional revenue from motor car licences and the amusement tax.

Sir Adam Beck announced an increase of one dollar in high tension power rates in addressing a deputation from Fort William.

Midland Public School teachers have notified the board that they will resign at the end of May, the trouble being over pay.

The Turkish commander in Thrace has notified the Allies that he will not recognize the Government set up by them in Constantinople.

Mrs. Thomas Humphries of Welland took an ounce of carbolic acid, and was dead inside of an hour, her husband came home in the evening.

Journeymen plumbers in Birmingham, Ala., have served notice that April 1 they will demand $12 a day, with double pay for overtime.

Pleading guilty to a charge of defrauding the Government, Daniel T. Booth, formerly paymaster in the D.S.C.R., was sentenced by Judge Contsworth to six months at the Jail Farm.

Canada's trade report for the year ending with February, show total imports $955,879,130, and total exports $1,246,241,600, increases respectively of more than $58,000,000 and $329,000,000, as compared with the previous twelve months.

SATURDAY.

Sterling exchange in New York on Friday was quoted up to $3.94¾.

A second increase within a week is announced in the prices of Victory bonds.

Toronto's tax rate for 1920 as approved by the Board of Control in private session is 30½ mills.

The vote on Woman's Suffrage Amendment in the Delaware Legislature has been postponed until Tuesday.

The "du" has carried off eleven persons within a very short time at Fenella, Sask., several homes being broken up.

Miss Angeline Bush, aged 79, was burned to death outside her home near Vineland, her clothing catching from a bonfire.

Five farms at Roseneath, in Northumberland county, changed owners in one day this week, and about twenty in the locality in the week.

Prince of Brazil have begun negotiations relative to the purchase of German ships seized during the war by the Brazilian Government.

Evan Jones controlled by the International Mercantile Marine will leave New York on standard time and not five daylight saving becomes effective.

Newman Clark of Four Falls, N.B., a rejected suitor of Phoebe Bell, 18 years old, shot and killed her at a party at Grand Falls, then shooting himself, probably fatally.

Adoption by Board of Trade, Dr. James W. Robertson, C.M.G., declared that production was the only route by which the world could win its way back to economic security.

The Mennonites of Swift Current district, in Saskatchewan, who have been resisting the School Attendance Act, are only awaiting papers from Washington to migrate to Alabama.

Students who fail in or are unable to write on normal and faculty entrance and matriculation examinations in June this year will receive a second chance in September, Hon. R. H. Grant announced.

MONDAY.

Ploughing has commenced in Elizabeth township, near Brockville.

G. A. Delisle, member for St. Maurice, in the Quebec Legislature, is dead.

Falconn of Winnipeg beat University of Toronto on Saturday night by 8 to 3.

Cambridge eight-oared crew on Saturday defeated Oxford by four lengths.

Strikes in the west, and generally throughout Canada, are very good.

All the passengers of the British steamer Ortega have been landed at Plymouth.

The question of liquor export licenses is likely to be reopened in the Legislature this week.

A consignment of gold valued at two million pounds reached New York from Great Britain on Saturday.

Dr. C. E. Blehn of Chesley has been appointed public school dental surgeon for Windsor and Walkerville at $2,000 a year.

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The Canadian Railway Association announced that railways in the Dominion will adhere to standard time this year, except in suburban schedules to suit local needs when municipalities and districts adopt daylight saving.

TUESDAY.

The explosion of a gasoline can caused a serious blaze in a Toronto store.

A special M.C.R. train made the 225-mile run from Windsor to Buffalo in 184 minutes.

Wm. J. Milliken, C.P.R. section foreman at Lordeo, dropped dead while playing with his children.

Wm. Cline shot and killed his nephew, Gordon Fetterly, at Williamsburg, and then took his own life.

The twenty-three metre Shamrock is likely to be used in the America's Cup races this year instead of the Shamrock IV.

Hugh Walpole, noted English novelist, addressed an audience at Central Technical School, Toronto, on "Modern Novelists."

Members of the Legislature replied vigorously to a journalistic criticism of their prolixity in debate, on the reply to the speech from the throne.

John Powless, an Indian employed by the Canada Cement Co. at Point Anne, Ont., was found dead in a clay pit, having been struck by a steam shovel.

F. R. Waddell, K.C., resigned as City Solicitor of Hamilton because the Board of Control gave him only $500 increase in salary, not $1,500 as he asked.

The Department of Justice holds that the Canada Temperance Act as amended last year needs no further amendment to be applied to the Province of Ontario.

There are seven head on the string of racehorses with the Prince of Wales will send to Canada this season. The horses will be raced on the Western courses.

The Allan Cup goes West. Falcons of Winnipeg beat University of Toronto 2 to 2 last night and thus won the round by 11 to 5. The Falcons will go on April 2 to represent Canada at the Olympic games.

The Women's auxiliary of the Cobalt branch of the U.F. held a successful tag day to raise money to support the cause of Angus McDonald, Labor-Farmer candidate in the Timiskaming by-election.

U.S. SWEPT BY TORNADO

Chicago the Worst Sufferer in the Great Storm.

Gale Came Almost Out of Clear Sky, and Was Felt in the Middle West and as Far South as Georgia—Many People Were Killed and Thousands Sustained Injuries.

CHICAGO, March 30.—In a series of freak storms, described by the United States Weather Bureau as a tornado rather than a cyclone, 23 persons were killed outright in Chicago.

Reports from half a dozen states indicate that the total death list may reach 60.

In suburbs and neighboring cities Sunday afternoon upward of 400 persons were injured, many of whom are likely to die, and the property damage alone will run into millions of dollars.

In Elgin, Ill., alone, the property damage is estimated to exceed $4,000,000.

The greatest damage was done in Chicago suburbs and Elgin.

Atlanta, Ga., reported that the death list in Georgia and Alabama was at least 36. Apparently, there were three distinct storms, one driving northeastward into Illinois and Wisconsin, a second, the Peninsula Michigan just north of Chicago; one striking in Georgia and Alabama, and another striking in Indiana and passing into Ohio and Michigan.

A list of points suffering greatest damage follows:

Chicago suburbs, 15 known killed, hundreds injured, a dozen or more missing and damage of upwards of a half-million dollars alone.

Elgin, Ill., eight known killed, several missing, and scores injured; property damage estimated at about $4,000,000.

La Grange, Ga., a death list reported as high as thirty, and heavy property damage.

West Point, Ga., five reported killed.

Near Fort Mayne, in., three killed, heavy property damage.

Agricola, Alta., five killed.

Grenville and Union City, Ohio, six-teen reported killed.

St. Louis, one killed.

East Troy, Wis., one killed.

Swanton and Maple Landa Corners, Ohio, a number reported killed.

The tornado came out of the west with great suddenness at 12.20 p.m., whirled through Elgin at McKinley Park, the southwest side of Chicago, then into the extreme northwest suburbs, Irving and Norwood Parks—thence into Evanston and Wilmett.

The storm came up a little after 12.30 o'clock in the afternoon. At that time the sun was bright, the air warm and a slight breeze was felt. Thousands of people took to their homes to spend the day in the open as the first real spring day of the year. Then suddenly in the northwestern part of Chicago it became dark and the velocity of the wind increased. The rest of the city was still in the sunlight. The wind grew stronger, then came the cyclone, and hundreds were outside looking at their homes dancing in the wind and furniture flashing over the ground. A lull followed and stared, frightened too much to move, there came a torrential downpour accompanied by fierce hail.

Just outside the Dunning district there was rain and hail—the windows were smoked in the downpour of rain and some broke with the force of the hail. Reports that came of the Dunning disaster did not exaggerate in Dunning and of loss of life.

The patients in the Dunning Insane Asylum screamed and ran about the corridors in terror and were controlled with difficulty.

Eight people were killed in Elgin. All the lights were out last night. Street cars were not running and trains could not get through for great tree trunks lay across the tracks. But one telegraph and telephone wire was working. The storm cut a path 200 yards wide through the city. Scarcely a house in its wake, modest cottages, pretentious homes, churches, theatres and business blocks.

The town is under military law. Squads of former service men patrol the darkened streets to see that there is no looting while the search for the missing continues. Men dig in the ruins everywhere, looking for babies and mothers and for aged persons and for those who are dead.

A number of people were said to have been killed in the collapse of the Congregational church, and fold of lives lost in a crushed theatre.

Reports are that Belvidere, the county seat of Boone county, has been whisked away, and that great damage has occurred in McHenry, Woodstock, Algonquin and Marengo, but no figures are given and there is no verification of the report.

Post Office Robbed.

WOODSTOCK, March 30. — The post office at Tavistock was broken into Saturday night and robbed of money and stamps to the total of about $800. The safe was blown open by means of an explosive. No clue has been found as to who are the thieves.

Dr. Henderson Collapses In Pulpit.

MONTREAL, March 30. — While officiating at Sunday's service in Erskine Methodist Church Sunday night Rev. Dr. James Henderson was overcome by the heat, and was obliged to leave the pulpit. His condition is considered satisfactory late Sunday night.

8,000 Armenians Killed.

CONSTANTINOPLE, March 30.—Estimates of casualties during the massacres at Marash last month place the death of life about 8,000 Armenians. During the disorders 15 Turks were killed.

Walter Carlyle of Woodbridge, alleged principal in the recent robbery there, was arrested.

A Fad.

Leather trimming has risen to the first rank in popularity. It is handled in the most unusual ways and the result is charming. Sometimes it is a narrow strip of belt colored in a daring contrast to a gown. Again it is used as satin or velvet would be for outside facing on cuffs, collars and pockets. The most novel way of using leather is to make it up into fetching chapeaux. Smart models in dark blue, black and sand grey leather are being shown.

MUST DIVIDE IRELAND.

How British Government Views Recent Events.

LONDON, March 30. — Recent events have strengthened the view that an undivided Ireland is impossible for legislative purposes, Ian Macpherson, Chief Secretary for Ireland, declared in the House of Commons late Monday, when he opened the debate on the second reading of the Prime Minister's new Home Rule bill.

Conditions in Ireland have, he said, strengthened the belief that an advisory council, such as is provided in the bill, is necessary. "The Government, Mr. Macpherson said, was prepared to listen sympathetically to suggestions for improvement on the council plan.

The idea for secession of any part of Ireland is intolerable, he asserted. Such a course, he declared, would mean "suicide for Ireland." The supreme authority in Ireland, the Secretary added, must remain undivided.

Premier Lloyd George announced the appointment of Sir Nevil Macready, chief of the Metropolitan Police of London, as military commander in Ireland. The reason persons deported from Ireland are not brought to trial, he declared, is "impossible to get the necessary evidence," as the result of terrorism and intimidation in Ireland, the Premier declared in answer to a question. The Premier said the Government would not promise to cease deportations from Ireland during the discussions of the Irish Home Rule bill.

The atmosphere was tense, but there was little evidence of excitement when the Chief Secretary moved the second reading of the bill.

The Government, fearing that Sinn Fein sympathizers might make a demonstration, had caused special guards to be stationed at Westminster, but their services were not needed. Two motions for the rejection of the bill have been prepared, one by the Labor party and the other by Premier Asquith. The Speaker has given precedence to the former. Interest, however, centres upon the speeches expected when Mr. Asquith speaks against the bill. He will be answered by Premier Lloyd George.

The Government, the Secretary declared, had acted magnanimously toward Ireland in past years. The present popularity of the country was due to its connection with the United Kingdom, he asserted.

GOVERNOR CONDEMNED.

Strong Report Made Concerning Troubles In India.

DELHI, India, March 30. — The special commission appointed by the National Congress to inquire into the recent disturbances in Jay Punjab has published its report. It says that the commission finds Baron Chelmsford, viceroy and Governor-General of India, incapable of holding his high office and demands his recall.

The report declares that no conspiracy against the Government is overthrow the British Government has been proved.

It finds that other incidents, named in the report as the Satyapraha and Rowlatt incidents, were not anti-British and that the facts did not justify the application of martial law in connection with them.

The Amritzar affairs, in which a slaughter occurred when a crowd refused to disperse on last April, is described in the report as "a calculated piece of inhumanity unparalleled in ferocity."

The report demands that Sir Michael O'Dwyer, British Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab; General Dyer, commander of the British troops in India; two colonels, Deputy Commissioner Smith, and two Punjabis named shall be relieved of their offices. The repeal of what is known as the Rowlatt Acts and the punishment of certain minor Indian officials are also demanded.

WILL PREVENT HARDSHIPS.

New Law Affecting Labor Proposed at Ottawa.

OTTAWA, March 30.—The sequel to the strike of electrical workers which tied up the Toronto Street Railway system on the evening of September 2 last, compelling thousands of people to walk home from the National Exhibition, is seen in legislation, which will come before Parliament before the present recess. It is in the form of a bill introduced by the Minister of Labor to amend the Industrial Disputes Act.

Section 2 of the act is to be changed, so that employers and employes shall give at least thirty days' notice of any intended change affecting conditions of employment with respect to wages or hours; and in the event of such intended change resulting in a dispute, until the dispute has been finally dealt with by a board, and a copy of its report has been delivered to the registrar and to both the parties affected, neither of those parties shall alter their position.

People Demand Danish Republic.

COPENHAGEN, March 30.—Large crowds filled public squares throughout the city yesterday, demanding the establishment of a Danish Republic, and all streets leading to the Royal Palace are held under guard.

King Christian last night received a Socialistic deputation, with which he conversed for half an hour. Demands for abdication, and the King has promised a definite reply to-day. The nature of the demands were not made public.

Robertson a Field Marshal.

LONDON, March 30.—Gen. Sir William R. Robertson, former chief of the General Staff, has been made a field marshal, according to the Daily Mail.

Energetic steps to check the strike movement throughout Italy have been taken by the Government.

Hindenburg's Writings.

Field Marshal von Hindenburg bids fair to become a millionaire from his writings, according to the new Berlin Gazette. It is reported that he has sold some of his works in book form for $12,000, which, at present exchange, would amount to about 2,000,000 marks.

Chinese Dentists.

The only dentists of China used to pull teeth with their fingers. They practiced by pulling pegs from a wooden jaw, until they had a grip with a lifting power of 300 or 400 pounds.

THE MARKETS

TORONTO MARKETS.

TORONTO, March 30.—Quotations on the Board of Trade yesterday were as follows:—

Manitoba Wheat (In Store Ft. William).
No. 1 northern, $2.30.
No. 2 northern, $2.77.
No. 3 northern, $2.73.
Manitoba Oats (In Store Ft. William).
No. 2 C.W., 97c.
No. 3 C.W., 92c.
Extra No. 1 feed, 95c.
No. 1 Feed, 95c.
No. 2 Feed, 92c.
Manitoba Barley (In Store Ft. William).
No. 3 C.W., $1.54.
No. 4 C.W., $1.43½.
Rejected, $1.32.
Feed, $1.32.
American Corn (Track, Toronto, Prompt Shipment).
No. 3 yellow, $1.93, nominal.
Ontario Oats (According to Freights Outside).
No. 2 white—$1.02 to $1.04.
Ontario Wheat (F.o.b. Shipping Points, According to Freights).
No. 1 winter, per car lot, $2.00 to $2.01.
No. 2 winter, per car lot, $1.98 to $2.01.
No. 3 winter, per car lot, $1.95 to $1.95.
No. 1 spring, per car lot, $2.02 to $2.02.
No. 2 spring, per car lot, $1.98 to $2.01.
No. 3 spring, per car lot, $1.95 to $2.01.
Peas (According to Freights Outside).
No. 2, nominal.
Barley (According to Freights Outside).
Malting, $1.78 to $1.80.
Buckwheat (According to Freights Outside).
No. 2, $1.65 to $1.70.
Rye (According to Freights Outside).
No. 2, $1.82 to $1.85.
Manitoba Flour (Toronto).
Government standard—$12.85.
Ontario Flour (Prompt Shipment).
Government standard, $10.35 to $10.46
Montreal, $11 Toronto.
Millfeed (Car Lots, Delivered, Montreal Freights, Bags Included).
Bran, per ton, $45; shorts, per ton, $52; good feed flour, $2.60 to $2.75.
Hay (Track Toronto).
No. 1, per ton, $27 to $28; mixed, per ton, $24.
Straw (Track, Toronto).
Car lots, per ton, $16 to $17.
Farmers' Market.
Fall wheat—No. 2, nominal.
Spring wheat—No. 2, nominal.
Goose wheat—No. 2, nominal.
Barley—Malting and feed, nominal.
Oats—Nominal.
Buckwheat—Nominal.
Rye—According to sample, nominal.
Peas—According to sample, nominal.
Hay—Timothy, $30 to $35; mixed, nominal.
Straw—Bundled and loose, nominal.

CHICAGO GRAIN MARKET.

J. P. Bickell & Co., Standard Bank building, report the following prices on the Chicago Board of Trade:

	Prev. Close.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.	Close.
Corn—						
May	156½	156⅝	155⅝	156	156⅝	
July	152⅝	153	149½	150½	150½	
Sept.	146⅝	147¼	145⅞	146½	146⅞	
Oats—						
May	86⅝	86⅝	86	86⅛	86⅜	
July	84	84	83	83⅝	83⅞	
Pork—						
May	37.25	37.35	36.50	36.50	36.75	
July	37.50	37.50	36.60	36.60	36.95	
Lard—						
May	21.15	21.15	20.75	20.80	21.00	
July	21.90	21.92	21.47	21.52	21.80	
Ribs—						
May	19.12	19.17	18.83	18.90	18.82	
July	19.70	19.70	19.30	19.37	19.40	

CATTLE MARKETS

UNION STOCK YARDS.

TORONTO, March 30.—With around 1700 cattle on sale at the Union Yards yesterday, there were about half of last Monday's run. The very best that could be said for the trade in practically all lines is that they held steady. While there were not many cattle left around, there were enough, probably, just as many as a week ago.

In the small stuff there was a fairly good supply of calves, and prices selling at from 18½c to 22c; common to fair, 10c to 16½c; with sheep running around from 11½c to 14c. The tone of the trade in unsettled, packers bidding 50c off from last week's prices, and reaffirming their determination to stand by it. With the strong prices being paid at some outside points, notably Kingston, where 18½c is reported as being paid Feb. 19, it is hard to say whether they will get ½c off.

EAST BUFFALO LIVE STOCK.

East Buffalo, March 29.—Cattle receipts 4,000; active for handyweight export steers; shipping steers, $13 to $14.25; butchers, $8 to $13.50; bologna bulls, $12.50 to $14.25; heifers, $6 to $11; cows, $4 to $11; bulls, $7 to $10.25; stockers and feeders, $6 to $11; fresh cows and springers, $65 to $175.

Calves—Receipts 2,000; $1.25 lower; $6 to $20.50.

Hogs—Receipts 12,000; slow, 10c to 15c higher. Heavy, $15 to $15.75; round, $14.25 to $14.40; yorkers, $16.40 to $16.50; light to do. $14.50 to $15.25; pigs, $15.75 to $16; roughs, $13 to $13.50; stags, $8 to $10.

Sheep and lambs receipts 10,400; lambs 25c lower. Lambs, $13 to $20.50. Others unchanged.

CHICAGO LIVE STOCK.

Chicago, March 29.—Hogs—Receipts, 20000; 15c to 25c higher; top, $17.15; bulk of sales and bulk of heavy packing sows, smooth, $13.15 to $13.75; packing sows, rough, $12.60 to $13.15; pigs, $13.50 to $15.50.

Cattle—Receipts, 1000; trade too erratic to warrant definite quotations.

Sheep—Receipts, 16000; mostly contract to packers; not enough sales to quote prices.

On account of an embargo resulting from a strike of stock yard employes, no live stock is expected to arrive in Chicago.

Fur Sales Bring Over Five Millions.

MONTREAL, March 30.—The Canadian Fur Auction Sale Co., Ltd., concluded its week's sale Saturday, with a grand total of $5,093,120 was reached for the week. Beaver was the feature of the last day, 4,166,175 skins in 223 lots bringing $728,735, a record high price of $106 per skin on one lot being paid by Harry Silberg of New York.

Among the sales in the morning were $134,000 worth of squirrel, and $236,000 of Australian opossum.

Body of Boy Recovered.

PRESCOTT, March 30.—The body of Cecil Lavine, a youth of 15 years, who was drowned in the River St. Lawrence when crossing on the ice from Ogdensburg to Prescott on March 12, was secured by grappling Sunday. Coroner Dr. Hutton and all efforts to locate the body by grappling until open water was available.

Yellowstone National Park.

The Yellowstone National Park, the crowning wonder of America's wonderlands, has within its area of 3,312 square miles, several high mountain ranges, three large rivers with their tributaries, thirty-six lakes and twenty-five waterfalls.

Schools for Blind.

There are two schools for the blind in Burma, one at Rangoon and one in Mandalay. The former, with fifteen pupils, of whom seven are girls, now enjoys the services of a blind Oxford graduate.

Tiger's Life Full of Romance

SOMETHING in Georges Clemenceau's horoscope seems to have decreed that his life shall be made dramatic by unforeseen events. "Nothing is certain with Clemenceau," said Mr. H. M. Hyndman, his foremost biographer, "but the unforeseen. A few months ago, in the very chamber where they voted against him as President to-day, even his enemies hailed him as the saviour of France and leaped their desks to shake his hands and kiss his cheeks. Only a few weeks ago his election was conceded on every side.

It is perhaps fitting in more ways than one that the greatest statesman that the French republic has produced should not be elected President of France, if would mean the shackling of the giant. The great names that stand forth as truly significant of contemporaneous France, Gambetta, Jules Ferry, Waldeck-Rousseau, Clemenceau, all directed the destiny from the tribunes as presidents of the Council, not as presidents of the republic. All the presidents of the Third Republic of France, if Thiers who was president before the present constitution was promulgated is excepted, have not left any permanent impress on the country's destiny. Casimir-Perier, who seriously tried, had to give up the attempt in disgust. Even Raymond Poincare, who as Prime Minister exerted a vital force, was impotent when president, as the presidents that preceded him.

Clemenceau needs no more honors. "Having forgotten himself in his work," says his biographer, "the man Clemenceau will never be forgotten. He will stand out in history as the greatest statesman of the greatest war." His mistakes are softened in the light of the almost superhuman efforts that he crowded into the crucial year from November, 1917, to November, 1918. When the fate of the Allies was in the balance this marvellous statesman, then seventy-seven, by continuous and exhausting toil, both mental and physical, scarcely equalled by any man in any age, perhaps tipped the scales in our favor.

Read aright, Clemenceau's career embodies the soul of the France of the Great Revolution. His political life has been co-existent with that of the Third French Republic. His entered politics at the time of its birth, when Paris, in 1871, had capitulated to the Germans, who had mercilessly insisted on the needless humiliation of entering the shrouded city in triumph. Something of the irony of events and the fierce joy that welled up in his heart was felt in his words to the Senate towards the close of the historic sitting of the French Chambers after the armistice was signed. "I am the last of them—one of the signers of the protests against the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine," he said. The Senators crowded around him to shake his hand. For the first time in his life tears coursed down his cheeks. Even then he spoke of the man whose work he finished, whose name will live with his—the two great champions of France against the Prussian brutality. "I wish to speak of Gambetta," he said. The whole Senate rose, cheering wildly. "Of him who, defending the territory under circumstances which rendered victory impossible, never despaired. With him and Chanzy I voted for the continuation of the war, and, in truth, when I think of what has happened in these fifty years, I ask myself whether the war has not continued. May our thoughts go back to them, and when these terrible iron doors that Germany has closed against us shall be opened, let its say to them 'Pass in first. You have shown us the way'."

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Lift off Corns!

Doesn't hurt a bit and Freezone costs only a few cents.

With your fingers! You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calluses from bottom of feet.

A tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs little at any drug store; apply a few drops upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!

settled in Montmartre, one of the most unruly districts of the city, even in those days.

He has always been Britain's friend. That, with a few other main tenets, has been his simple creed. He more than any other, perhaps, was responsible for the British bonne entente with King Edward in days when Britons, including the King, were not particularly liked in Paris.

A REMBRANDT IN CANADA.

Portrait by Famous Artist Owned by Toronto Man.

The portrait of Magdalena Van Loo, owned by Mr. Frank F. Wood, of Toronto, is one of the most valuable paintings in Canada. It was painted by the great Rembrandt. Its removal from the museum at Colmar was perfectly legitimate. The sum paid for the portrait by Mr. Wood was less than $50,000.

The foregoing is a summary of the statements made by Prof. Mavor of Toronto University regarding the purchase.

"There is not the least doubt about its being a genuine Rembrandt," said Prof. Mavor, "Nobody but Rembrandt could have painted such a portrait. It is evident that the portrait was done in one of the periods of his life when the great master was comparatively wealthy. Rembrandt, like a good many more artists, had a hard time early in life, but when good fortune came his way he spent his money lavishly. He was very fond of jewelry, and took great pleasure in displaying it on his subjects when they sat for him. The portrait of his son, Titus, for which this was a companion picture, shows Titus to be comparatively poorly dressed, and was possibly done at a different period. It is apparent that this portrait of his daughter-in-law was painted when Rembrandt was being showered with commissions. Sometimes his funds were not so bountiful, and he died comparatively poor, though not a pauper by any means."

Prof. Mavor received a letter from a friend, telling him of the arrival of the picture at New York. While there, it was examined by many connoisseurs, and it was not long before Mr. Wood, who was going through New York, heard of its presence, and he immediately went to view it, and shortly afterwards made the purchase. "But he did not give $300,000 for it as the New York newspapers say," declared Prof. Mavor. "I know the figure paid, but I am not prepared to state what it was."

A short time ago a Toronto artist made the assertion that if the portrait were a genuine Rembrandt, it would be re-lined at least once, on account of the fact that a canvas does not last longer than one hundred years under ordinary conditions. "That is not so," said Prof. Mavor. "There is as much difference between canvases as between various pieces of cloth. There are canvases of great age in some galleries in Europe. The picture may have been re-backed; but this is a matter which does not affect the genuineness of it in the least."

The New York Evening Sun's account of the portrait is as follows:

"A Frenchman named Henri Rabe presented this Rembrandt to the Colmar Museum in 1842. It remained there until 1917, when the town sold it in order to buy a famous ancient abbey of the Antonites in the environs, which was the property of a German named Spetz. This man had filled it with paintings and statuary, antique furniture, tapestries, and marvels of all kinds. Upon his death his heirs offered to sell the abbey to the town, and the mayor and municipality judged the purchase to be a good one. But there wasn't any money to pay the heirs their price. This was in 1917.

"Finally it was decided to part with the Rembrandt and a valuable and historic medallion in order to get the necessary funds. These were sold to a Finnish collector, whose home is at Litwen. And this collector sold the picture to the two art firms of this city jointly.

"About six weeks ago Mr. Wood, in passing through New York, was told of the picture being here, and he lost no time in going to view it, and very little time in producing the money to buy it.

"The picture is a portrait of Magdalena Van Loo, second wife of Titus, Rembrandt's son. It was painted about 1665 for a pendant to a portrait of Titus himself, which the great master painted in 1663.

"The portrait represents a handsome woman with rather a thin face, but a most gentle and ingratiating expression. Her hair is done in the old Dutch fashion, smooth over the brow with a tangle of tiny little curls. The light falls from above on face and shoulders, which are bare, and on her arms, folded over a little King Charles terrier. On both wrists pearls are shown, and around her neck is a pearl necklace. A fine chain, which is almost invisible, suspends a large jewelled ornament at her breast. In her hair is another large jewelled ornament which catches the light in the magical Rembrandtish manner.

"This picture is painted in Rembrandt's third or latest manner. It is pronounced by connoisseurs to be among the best, if it is not the best, of his paintings of this period of work."

KASPAR HAUSER.

Mystery That Excited Europe Ninety Years Ago.

For sheer strangeness the mystery of Kaspar Hauser, which a little less than a century ago was one which held the attention of all Europe, has probably never been surpassed. Dozens of extraordinary tales were invented, circulated, believed. Reputable writers advanced the theory that Kaspar Hauser was a son of the Grand Duke Charles of Baden, kidnapped by the Countess of Hochberg in order to secure the succession to the children of the Grand Duke Charles Frederick. Thousands pored over the "Almanach de Gotha" in order to endow the mysterious and afflicted being with illustrious birth.

One morning in May, 1828, in one of the streets of the old walled town of Nuremberg, there was found a youth of sixteen or seventeen years of age, dressed in peasant garb. He was dazed and mumbling incoherently. On his person was found a letter addressed to one of the town officials. This letter was apparently from an illiterate workman and related that he has long been left in his care as an infant and brought up in the strictest seclusion.

Within the first letter there was another letter purporting to be from the boy's mother, and bearing marks of crudity, saying that the lad's father had been an officer in a cavalary regiment. These explanations were dismissed as unsatisfactory on account of the youth's peculiar personality. His feet, it was said, "as compared yet to the hand," was the soles of his feet were convex and he could not walk. Sounds and the touch of the commonest objects terrified him. The ringing of a bell threw him into paroxysms of weeping, and the music of a street band caused him to swoon. He would eat only bread and water.

Under instruction he learned with extreme rapidity, and his own story, when he was able to tell it, heightened the mystery. According to this, as far back as he could remember he had always lived in a cage or a hole in the ground so small that the only way he could rest was sitting down with his feet stretched out in front. Until the morning of his discovery in Nuremberg he had never seen the sun or heard the sounds of the outer world. Two toy horses were the only objects of which he had any knowledge. Bread and water had been served to him by a person of whom he spoke as "the man." One night when he was sleeping, "the man" had awakened him, taught him to stand, walk, had put shoes on his feet, and taken him to Nuremburg. It was a tale that roused wide interest. The boy was adopted by the authorities and placed under instructors, among them Prof. Daumer, who took him to his home, where thousands flocked to see the strange youth and hear the mysterious story.

In October, 1829, an interest that had been waning was fanned to new life. Daumer heard frightened cries coming from his protege's room and rushing in found Kaspar writhing on the floor with blood flowing from a wound in his head. His story was that "the man" had come with blackened face and stabbed him. It was impossible, however, to find any trace of the alleged assailant.

But in greater numbers curious crowds came from all parts of Europe to see Kaspar. An eccentric English nobleman, Lord Stanhope, adopted him and sent him to Anspach to be educated. But his early promise was not realized. He showed signs of intellectual degeneration. In December, 1833, came another strange attack, real or alleged. Kaspar staggered into Lord Stanhope's apartment in Anspach with blood dripping from a knife wound in his side. "Palace—Uzen monument—purse!" he gasped, and then fell to the floor, dead.

Acting upon the clue, Lord Stanhope went to the Uzen monument in the palace grounds and there found a purse of violet colored silk containing a slip of paper on which had been scrawled: "Kaspar Hauser, born April 30, 1812. Murdered December 14, 1833. Knew by this that I come from the Bavarian frontier by the river. These are the initials of my name, M.L.B." A reward of five thousand florins offered for the apprehension of the assassin by Lord Stanhope led to nothing. People had grown sceptical, and the belief was general that the wound had been self-inflicted, though the youth had not counted on its proving mortal.

Prince's War Relics.

The Prince of Wales has collected many souvenirs of his long spell of active service, and these are now at York House. In the hall are placed the bass drum and two side drums of the 1st Battalion of the Grenadier Guards, his regiment, which the prince bought when, in accordance with the usual custom on the purchase of new drums for the battalion, the old ones were auctioned. He has also two bugles used by the Grenadiers at the front.

For Colds, Catarrh or Influenza

Do you feel weak and unequal to the work ahead of you? Do you still cough a little, or does your nose bother you? Are you pale? Is your blood thin and watery? Better put your body into shape. Build strong!

An old, reliable blood-maker and herbal tonic made from wild roots and barks, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This "nature remedy" comes in tablet or liquid form. It will build up your body and protect you from dis ease germs which lurk everywhere. One of the active ingredients of this temperance alterative and tonic is wild cherry bark with stillingia, which is so good for the lungs and for coughs; also Oregon grape root, blood root, stone root, Queen's root,—all skilfully combined in the Medical Discovery. These roots have a direct action on the stomach, improving digestion and assimilation. These herbal extracts in the "Discovery" aid in blood-making and are best for scrofula. By improving the blood they fortify the body against an attack of grip or colds.

Catarrh should be treated, first, as a blood disease, with this alterative. Then, in addition, the nose should be washed daily with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Send 10c for trial pkg. of Medical Discovery Tablets or Catarrh Tablets to Dr. Pierce's Laboratory, Bridgeburg, Ont.

GREY COUNTY'S CENTENARIAN.

She Saw the Coronation of Queen Victoria 82 Years Ago.

To celebrate one's hundredth birthday is not the good fortune of many people and to count one's one hundred and fourth mile-stone still able to enjoy life and to be interested in the every-day affairs of the community is decidedly unique. Very up in Grey county, near the town of Owen Sound, lives a little old lady who, on January 4th, 1920 was 104 years of age. Her name? Why anyone from that district will tell you of Mrs. Ann Brown, of The Glen, Sydenham, Grey county's only centenarian, and who is said to be the only surviving witness of the coronation of Queen Victoria.

Born in the quaint old village of Topcliffe, in Yorkshire, England, her early days were spent in the quietness and seclusion of the little country town. Her earliest recollection is of her grandfather preparing a feast on the village green for the men of the Topcliffe Company of Regulars, just returned from campaigning against Napoleon Bonaparte in Belgium and France. The first venture from the protecting shelter of her grandfather's cottage was to the great city of London. When a dark-eyed young maid of twenty summers she went to visit her mother in the great city, traveling from Hull in one of the first steamboats. On arriving in London she found that everything was in a state of bustle and excitement in preparation for the coronation of the young Queen. Her step-father was an upholsterer in the employ of the royal family and, to please his shy young visitor from Yorkshire, secured a pass for her into Westminster Abbey to witness the ceremony of the coronation. On the great day, June 28, 1838, she took her place with hundreds of others inside the Abbey and waited breathlessly for the great event. According to Mrs. Brown the appearance of the Queen was rather disappointing. She had been picturing to herself a beautiful woman, and instead she saw a girl, two years younger than herself, rather short, and quite ordinary-looking.

In 1862 Mrs. Brown made another journey from her home in Yorkshire to visit the First World's Fair, promoted by Prince Albert, Queen Victoria's Consort, and held in the Crystal Palace, London. On the death of her husband in 1863, Mrs. Brown decided that she could better her fortunes in a new land. With indomitable spirit she set out with her five small children for Canada. For three years she resided in Owen Sound. In 1866 she took up 120 acres of land in the township of Sydenham, four miles from Owen Sound. Here she has lived ever since, often under disheartening and difficult circumstances. In spite of the primitive condition of the country she wrested a living from the soil and reared and educated her little family.

During the visit of the Duke of Devonshire to Owen Sound in June, 1918, His Excellency visited Mrs. Brown and chatted with her for some time. She is still quite active, goes about the farm, tends a little, and writes in a clear steady hand. During the war she knitted nearly a dozen pairs of socks for the local branch of the Women's Patriotic League. Her vitality is wonderful, and she has many friends in Grey County who hope that they may be able to congratulate her upon her 105th birthday.

Walking for Pleasure.

The old-fashioned person who used to walk mile after mile on pleasant Sunday afternoons through the countryside has practically disappeared. This is the inevitable conclusion drawn by anyone who still pursues this ancient pastime and who has formed the habit of spending Sunday afternoons by foot over macadam and dirt roads frequented only by automobilists and an occasional farm hand traveling to a neighbors.

Walking for the sake of the walk has nearly passed out, along with the one-horse rig, the glass incased artificial flowers in the parlor and hair covered furniture. It had its day before the bicycle and the automobile and with the advent of these quicker, easier means of transportation it dropped from the human scheme of things with a dull thud.

And yet a hike through the country is good for body and soul. It gives the body a workout that is bound to be beneficial, it exercises muscles that are all too seldom used nowadays. It gives opportunity for really seeing the beauties of the country instead of hurrying through at 40 miles an hour and knowing only that you've seen trees and rivers and shrubbery. Hiking takes you into the heart of nature, makes you intimately acquainted with the birds and the flowers and the peace that cannot be found in the cities.

And then, too, there's a bit more fun in walking than in scurrying around in cars. Take, for instance, the delightful sensation, after covering 10 or 12 miles and telling the farmer at whose house you stop for a drink, of your hike, of hearing this farmer say, with all the awe in the world: "Good Lord, you'll win the bet, won't you?"

PAINS SO BAD STAYED IN BED

Young Mrs. Beecroft Had Miserable Time Until She Took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Hamilton, Ont.—"I have suffered for three years from a female trouble and consequent weakness, pains and irregularity which kept me in bed four or five days each month. I nearly went crazy with pains in my back, and for about a week at a time I could not do my work. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised in the Hamilton Spectator and I took it. Now I have no pain and am quite regular unless I overwork or stay on my feet from early morning until late at night. I keep house and do all my own work without any trouble. I have recommended the Compound to several friends."—Mrs. EMILY BEECROFT, 269 Victoria Ave. N., Hamilton, Ontario.

For forty years women have been telling how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored their health when suffering with female ills. This accounts for the enormous demand for it from coast to coast. If you are troubled with any ailment peculiar to women why don't you try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? It is made from native roots and herbs and contains no narcotics or harmful drugs.

For special advice women are asked to write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of forty years experience is at your service.

How a Python Kills.

The python kills by contraction, says Prof. John A. Jordan, in the Wide World Magazine, and I have heard many discussions as to how this is done, some stating emphatically that they must get their tail round some solid object to get a leverage. I prefer to keep an open mind on the subject, and can only relate what has come under my own observation. Most agree, however, that the giant python can overpower and kill almost any animal. Some declare that the width of their jaws will only allow of the passage of an animal about the size of a goat. This is not correct, for I have killed pythons with the horns of a Topi hartebeest sticking out of the jaw, and the Topi weighs well over two hundred pounds.

Turkish Women.

The modern Turkish woman of the upper classes is one of the most highly educated women in the world. Being denied by custom and etiquette most of the pastimes indulged in by her western sisters, the Turkish woman spends much of her time in reading and study. It is not uncommon thing for Turkish ladies to be able to speak half the languages of Europe, and to have, in addition, a knowledge of ancient Greek, Persian and Arabic.

Hair Oil.

Hair oil was used in the time of the Egyptians, 4000 B.C. A hair tonic for an Egyptian queen was "Dogs' paw, asses' hoofs, boiled in oil with dates."

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Advertising!

THE biggest men in the country have found that the easiest way to spell success is to A-D-V-E-R-T-I-S-E. Suppose the newspaper did not publish the news, how would the people know what is happening? If you don't publish the Store News how will the people know about your goods? You can never sell the goods people do not know you have.

Advertising is telling about your stock. The firm that advertises gets ahead, every time, of the firm that does not advertise. Shopworn and out-of-date stock is the penalty merchants pay for not advertising.

PRINTING!

Counter Check Books
Letter Heads
Posters
Envelopes
Menu Cards
Statement Heads
Programmes
Dodgers
Calling Cards
Memorial Cards
Circulars
Bill Heads
Wedding Cards
Note Heads

We guarantee our work

The Napanee Express

Do not forget to file your

Income Tax Return

on or before the 30th of April, 1920

Dominion of Canada

Department of Finance

ALL persons residing in Canada, employed in Canada, or carrying on business in Canada, are liable to a tax on income, as follows:—

1. Every unmarried person, or widow, or widower, without dependants as defined by the Act, who during the calendar year 1919 received or earned $1,000 or more.

2. All other individuals who during the calendar year 1919 received or earned $2,000 or more.

3. Every corporation and joint stock company whose profits exceeded $2,000 during the fiscal year ended in 1919.

Forms to be used in filing returns on or before the 30th of April, 1920.

ALL INDIVIDUALS other than farmers and ranchers must use **Form T 1.**

FARMERS AND RANCHERS must use **Form T 1A.**

CORPORATIONS and joint stock companies must use **Form T 2.**

Penalty

Every person required to make a return, who fails to do so within the time limit, shall be subject to a penalty of Twenty-five per centum of the amount of the tax payable.

Any person, whether taxable, or otherwise, who fails to make a return or provide information duly required according to the provision of the Act, shall be liable on summary conviction to a penalty of $10 for each day during which the default continues. Also any person making a false statement in any return or in any information required by the Minister, shall be liable, on summary conviction, to a penalty not exceeding $10,000, or to six months' imprisonment or to both fine and imprisonment.

General Instructions.

Obtain Forms from the Inspectors or Assistant Inspectors of Taxation or from Postmasters.

Read carefully all instructions on Form before filling it in.

Prepay postage on letters and documents forwarded by mail to Inspectors of Taxation.

Make your returns promptly and avoid penalties.

Address INSPECTOR OF TAXATION, KINGSTON, ONT.

R. W. BREADNER,
Commissioner of Taxation.

Wilson's Hardware Store

Make Wash Day Easy

All that back-breaking labor is unnecessary, if you use one of our UP-TO-DATE

Washing Machines

Electric—
Washing Machines.
Water-Power—
Washing Machines.
Connor—
Washing Machines.
In a variety of styles

From $9.75 Up

Save Yourself. It pays.

D. B. WILSON

'Phone 138

HARRY E. SMITH
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES
Strictly Private and Confidential.
Smith's Jewellery Store,
Napanee
6-m

FRED CHINNECK
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES
Chinneck's Jewellery Store
Next Wallace's Drug Store
Napanee
Strictly Private and Confidential. 39

JOHN T GRANGE
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES
Grange Block, John Street,
Strictly Private and Confidential.

For Spring Weather

A good pair of Shoes are very necessary in spring.

Perhaps a new sole on a little neat patching may make old boots servicable.

Bring them to us. We guarantee our workmanship.

F. P. TENDALL,
O'Brien's Old Stand, west of Campbell House.
No connection with any other firm.

DO YOUR OWN GRAINING

Ask us to show you how easily and satisfactorily you can do it with Campbell's graining surface in the light, dark or golden oak. WALLACE'S, agents for Campbell's, the original varnish stain.

East End Barber Shop

Everything neat, ; First class Workmen ; Cigars, Tobacco. Give me a call.

J. N. Osborne.

Enjoy Better Baking—
Use
EGG-O Baking Powder

Egg-O Baking Powder Co., Limited, Hamilton, Canada
40

Market Square Store News

Come in and see our

House Dresses our own make some as cheap as **$2.65**

HIGH-GRADE WAISTS

in Crepe-de-Chene, Georgette and Voile arriving now.

FURS, FURS,

Bring in your Furs now for remodelling. Advance styles to choose from. 20 per cent. off on all Fur Work until August 1st.

MRS. L. JOHNSTON, - Napanee

Next door to Allen's. 11-6-m

BABY CHICKS

FOR SALE BY

THE M. B. MILLS CO.

The demand for Baby Chicks is so great this season that our hatching capacity will be run to its limit to supply chicks and spare for custom hatching. Place orders now. Our machines are now running and we will have chicks for sale early in April.

We sell Buckeye Incubators, Thermometers, Brooders, etc.

Choice Cockerels for breeding purposes ; and Dressed Poultry for the table.

Eggs for hatching, etc.

We buy Pure Bred Eggs for Hatching ; Chickens and Poultry.

We are located in our new shop and have taken over from Hartman & Card the Budhope-Anderson, Wilkinson & Percival Plough Agencies for Farm Implements, Wagons, etc., and carry in stock Shears and Repairs for all makes of Ploughs.

We also do the following lines of work :—Auto and Carriage Trimming, Awning and Sail Making, Electric Wiring, Paper Hanging, Boat Building, Saw Sharpening, Umbrella Repairing and odd jobs.

Boats for sale.

Call at the shop, two blocks south of the Post Office, and see our incubators and brooders running, and learn how easy it is to manage them.

16-tf

On Account of Early Buying

I am able to sell

Field and Garden Seeds

at much below present cost for a short time. PLACE—First flat above the Fair Grocery.

THOS. SYMINGTON.

On returning home one evening, rather later than usual, Mrs. Sharper was surprised to find the nice cake she had left on the pantry shelf minus a large slice. While contemplating it she heard her little daughter coming in the back door evidently for another piece of cake. Placing her hand over her heart she assumed a saint-like attitude. "My dear Maud, she said, something wild in me impresses me with the thought that my little daughter has been naughty, and stole some of mama's cake. Oh! mama, said Maud, in an awe-struck whisper, it must be the devil in me, and you for God knows that it was papa took the cake, and he is out in the hammock on the back porch eating it now.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

GRACE METH. CHURCH

Rev. W. P. Rogers, B.A., Pastor.

6.00—Sunrise prayer meeting.
10.30—Sermon, "The Birth Day of Hope."
Music—Anthem, "The Resurrection Morn," Rodney.
Quartette—Selected.
Anthem, "The Lord is My Strength," Simper.
11.45—Sunday School.
7.00—Sermon, "Ezekiel's Vision."
Music—Anthem, "Why Seek Ye," Simper.
Male Quartette, "There is a Green Hill."
Violin Solo—Mrs. Dr. Wilson.
Anthem, "They Have Taken Away My Lord," Slatter.
Monday, 8.00—League meeting.
Wednesday, 7.30—Prayer service.
Thursday, 7.30—C.S.E.T. and C.G.I.T. union meeting.

SEEDS.

We have fresh stock of Garden and Field Seeds. All kinds Flower Seeds.

BOYLE & SON.

Seeds ! Seeds !

A full stock of new garden seeds in bulk.

FRANK H. PERRY.

18-tf

Piano Tuning.

Charles Scarlet, piano tuner and repairer, will be in Napanee April 5th. Please leave orders with Prof. Baird, or R. B. Allen's music store, market square.

NOTICE ?

Parties wanting an employee or employees, please apply to Mr. N. E. Root, representative (Official) D. S. C. R., Napanee District. 'Phone 43, or write Box 440, Napanee, Ont.

16-1f

Poultry Meeting.

The Napanee Poultry Association will meet on Monday night, April 5th, at 8 p.m., in the office of the Department of Agriculture.

J. M. THOMSON,
Secretary.

Boyes' Grocery.

Choice Groceries. Best fruits in season, good line of confectionery fancy cake and biscuits. Try our Black Tea. Try our Coffee. We pay the highest price for eggs.

Phone 236. **G. W. Boyes,** John st

Don't Forget

When you want a good cup of COFFEE try Kelly's famous coffee, the same blend that John Paisley used for years, one teaspoonful is equal to a teaspoon of other blend. Give it a trial.

Hogs and Calves Wanted.

Will ship Hogs and Calves on Saturday, April 3rd, and will pay highest market price for select hogs weighing 150 lbs. and over, $3.00 off for sows. 8c. to 15c. for good veal calves.

J. W. HAMBLY,
G. H. WILLIAMS.

Leaving for Peace River.

Acton Robinson returned to Camden East from Kingston, and is staying with his mother until he regains his health, before going to Peace River. Mrs. A. Robinson and little daughter, also Mrs. Robinson's brother, Arthur O'Hara, spending the winter in the village, will accompany him in April.

Wanted Hogs and Calves.

Will ship hogs and calves on Monday, April 5th, and pay $17.50 or $17.75 cwt. for hogs, or more, if market advances. Good demand for calves on market, and will pay from $13.00 to $18.00 cwt. Good fat calves $20.00 cwt. Fat cattle and cows wanted to put on grass ; highest prices.

FRED WILSON.

Telephone 226.

Musical Club.

An open meeting of the Napanee Musical and Literary Club will be held in the Town Hall, on Tuesday evening, April 6th, 8 p.m. Our local talent will be assisted by Miss Strethel Walton, A.T.C.M., mezzo-soprano, of Belleville, Mrs. F. M. Meyers, of Rochester, and Capt. Dan. A. Cameron, baritone, of Ottawa. Such excellent talent for the last regular meeting of the season should bring a large attendance. Admission to non-members, 30 cents.

We strongly recommend **DEGRAH** varnish for furniture, woodwork and floors. Sold only at

Wilson's Hardware Store

THE ROBIN

When Robin red breast sings again,
Go listen to his glad refrain ;
Twill take the sadness from your heart
If you will only do your part.

LISTEN

Cheer up ! cheer up ! Mary, Mary,
Cheer up ! cheer up ! deary, deary
Deary, cheer up ! cheer up ! Mary.

Your heart goes up beyond the strain,
You feel once more that God doth reign
Forever over sea and land,
And you are safe beneath His hand.

Content you turn and reach the door,
Then pause and backward look once more ;
Still robin sings his sweet refrain,
Repeating o'er and o'er again ;

LISTEN

Cheer up ! cheer up ! Mary, Mary,
Cheer up ! cheer up ! deary, deary
Deary, cheer up ! cheer up ! Mary.

J. AMES.

Coal Oil.

Do you know that the most of the trouble with lamps and oil stoves smoking is caused by sediment and dirt in oil. We strain all of our oil. That will give you good clean oil and full measure.

BOYLE & SON.

French Dry Cleaning

LET US CLEAN YOUR SUIT

We have the latest machinery and appliances for French Dry Cleaning, consequently we are enabled to obtain the best possible results with all the goods sent to us.

JAMES WALTERS,
Merchant Tailoring, - Napanee.

ST ANDREW'S CHURCH

Rev. A. J. Wilson, B. A., B. D., pastor.

10.30—Morning service.
11.45—Sunday School and Bible Classes.
7.00—Evening service.
Wednesday, 7.30—Midweek meeting for prayer and Bible study.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Rev. J. H. H. Coleman, M. A., Vicar.

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church :

GOOD FRIDAY

8.30 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.

The Bishop of Ontario will conduct the Three Hours' Service from 12 to 3 p.m.

EASTER DAY

8.00—Holy Communion.
10.30—Shortened Matins and Choral Eucharist.
12.00—Sunday School.
7.00—Evensong.

Onion Seed.

Yellow Danvers, Red Weatherfield, and other varities. Large stock ; good quality ; low price.

FRANK H. PERRY.

18-d

The Market Grocery.

We have salt in barrels and bags, any quantity, White Rose and Quaker flour, groceries. Will have a cuine of Empire seeds direct from the growers in England.

THOMPSON BROS.

Bargain in Paints.

We have a few shades in Paint that manufacturers are dropping, that we can offer at very low price. Good shades and high grade paint. You'not wait as they will

BOYLE & SON.

The Mikado.

The Ladies' Musical Club will present the opera, "Mikado," in the armouries on Monday and Tuesday, April 12th and 13th. Since the postponement, on account of sickness, the members of the company have been faithfully practicing, and the public are assured of a splendid treat on April 12th and 13th. The plan for tickets will be open at Hooper's drug store on Saturday morning, April 10th. Out of town people may reserve seats by telephoning or writing to Mrs. W. S. Herrington.

Stewart & Newmarket horse clippers at DAVY'S Hardware Store.

Obituary.

On February 24th there passed away at the residence of W. W. Switzer, Girvin, Sask., Mrs. Jas. Wellington Switzer, late of South Vancouver, B.C. Death was caused by high blood pressure and uremic poisoning. Deceased was born at Moscow, Ont., on Aug. 10th, 1849, passing away in her seventy-first year. She leaves to mourn her loss, one daughter, Mrs. G. H. Chant, Fulda, Minn., and one son, W. Geier Switzer, of Girvin, Sask. ; also two sisters, Mrs. H. Cambridge, Yarker, Ont., and Mrs. M. Parks, Napanee, Ont., and two brothers, Samuel Patterson, Peterboro, and W. John Patterson, Moscow, Ont.

MANY WOMEN USE GLYCERINE MIXTURE

Napanee women will be surprised at the INSTANT pleasant action of simple glycerine, buckthorn bark, etc., as mixed in Adler-i-ka. One spoonful relieves ANY CASE gas on stomach or sour stomach. Because Adler-i-ka acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel it often cures constipation and prevents appendicitis. One lady reports herself CURED of a bad case of bowel trouble and constipation. Wallace's Drug Store.

Canada's Helium Gas.

Helium gas rising out of the ground in Alberta and other parts of Western Canada, and now used, in some localities of that country, to do the family cooking, may one day be carrying Britain's lighter-than-air flying machines in all parts of the world. It has been stated that there is enough of this gas, which makes a satisfactory substitute for the highly inflammable hydrogen commonly used for airships, to supply the entire British Empire for many years. The wells in Western Canada are the only sources of the gas in the Empire. Its weight-supporting ability is 90 per cent. that of hydrogen. Aviation is occupying a good deal of attention in Canada, and this natural supply of the filler for gas bags of dirigibles promises to advance interest in air navigation.

That good paint at the old price is going fast. Come and get yours while the selection is good at

Wilson's Hardware Store

TRINITY METH. CHURCH

Pastor—Rev. S. J. Shorey, D. D.

EASTER SUNDAY

10.30—Morning service.
11.45—Sunday School.
7.00—Evening service.
The pastor will preach at both services.
There will be special Easter music.
This will be Decision Day in the Sunday School.

OLIVET TO CALVARY

Sacred Cantata

Will be given by Trinity Church Choir, assisted by Mr. W. S. Hamilton, (tenor) late of Scotland, now soloist of New St. Andrews' Presbyterian church, Toronto. Mr. James Booth (baritone) of Belleville.

Good Friday evening, at 8 p.m.
Silver collection.

SKIING.

Winter Sport Is Growing In Popularity.

To the onlooker, skiing as a sport may seem difficult. And indeed a swift descent from a considerable height, with a graceful leap at the bottom, is perhaps for the expert. During the last few years, however, thousands of men, women, and children have been learning that skis are not really so unwieldy as they look. In fact, as a means for getting around in deep snow, they soon feel grateful to the feet of even a novice. The delight in using them comes, of course, partly from the rapidity and the smoothness of the motion, and partly from the fact of comparatively easy control in all this action. Balance is the first requisite. With this, one soon enjoys the going, whether on the level or on a hill. Particularly should skiing recommend itself to returned aviators who, like the rest of the public, wish to know how to make the most of the winter. Colleges boys who go on long ski trips on Saturdays, find the mountains and the woods fully as pleasant in winter as in summer, sometimes because of conquering the supposedly inaccessible.

With perseverance on skis, one can reach many a mountain fastness that otherwise would be completely closed during snowtime. A clear day, not too cold, but just frosty enough to make a good crust on ten feet of snow, may be most enjoyable. Yet even a day when the snow is actually falling presents no insurmountable obstacles. To break a track in the sunshine through the Sierras, for instance, is to have all the exhilaration of the pioneer. The great region of blue-shadowed pines, free from fences, houses, telegraph poles, or railways, is certainly primeval, for all its parklike green-and-whiteness. Only vigorous effort is necessary for climbing over the highest and steepest pass. Instead of going straight up the mountainside, one can edge along back and forth, choosing easy grades. And in a pinch one can even wrap gunny sacks around the skis, so that they will bite the better into the snow. On the other side of the pass, the descent is worth all the climb. Finally one hails the cabin one had set out for, of the lone caretaker of perhaps a flume or a dam. From after he beams a welcome for the first visitors he has seen for several weeks, and for their fresh newspapers.

Why should not the motion pictures and the magazines emphasize all this delight of skiing, which is open to the many who are not specially trained athletes? Why should pictures and accounts deal mainly with the thrill of jumping or yet with the packing of heavy loads from necessity through the untracked wilderness? It is an unpretentious kind of sport for two or three together to go on a twenty-mile ski trip for the simple joy that they find in the full play of energetic action. Surely the multifarious pictures and feature articles in numerous periodicals, have given the public a rather false impression of skiing. The word ski means simply a snowshoe; and the snowshoe is merely a convenient device for getting around the more freely in winter. There is nothing essentially spectacular about it. Hence it deserves to be more generally understood and appreciated for what it is in all its simplicity.

Kurcoco your walls and ceilings. All the popular tints at **Wilson's Hardware Store.**

EXECUTORS' NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the estate of Isaac Warner, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, pursuant to Chapter 121 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1914, Section 56, and Amending Acts, that all persons having any claims or demands against the estate of Isaac Warner, formerly of the Township of Richmond, in the County of Lennox and Addington, and late of the city of Belleville, in the County of Hastings, retired farmer, deceased, who died on or about the twenty-second day of February, 1920, are required to deliver or send by post prepaid to U. M. Wilson, Napanee, Ontario, solicitor for T. Bell, and E. A. Taylor, executors of the last will and testament of the said Isaac Warner, deceased, on or before the THIRD DAY OF APRIL, A.D., 1920, their christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, with full particulars of their claims or demands duly verified, and the nature of the security (if any) held by them.

And further take notice that after the said Third Day of April, A.D., 1920, the said executors may proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate amongst the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims or demands of which they shall then have received notice, and shall not be liable for the said assets, or any part thereof so distributed, to any person or persons of whose claims or demands they shall not have received notice at the time of the distribution thereof.

U. M. WILSON,
Solicitor for the said Executors.
Dated this 6th day of Mar., 1920.
15-d

For potted plants go to H. W. Kely's. He has a new lot in for Easter. At Kely's grocery.

Diplomat outcast soul seeker

A GENTLEMAN who had held an important diplomatic Post lost his grip and sunk so low that he became an outcast.

ONE night, under the providence of God, he met a converted fellow countryman in a certain institution. Through him he was brought to know Christ.

HE has since become a worker in the Salvation Army. He has returned to his native land to seek lost souls, and to carry on the war against sin.

The Salvation Army-----

308 Citadels and Institutions in this Territory.
—use them !

NOTICE TO FARMERS !

We are Out for BIG Business Again This Year.

Have a splendid proposition for our growers. Contract books now open. Anyone desiring to grow Corn, Peas and Tomatoes may secure contract at the office of the Napanee Canning Co.

(Signed)

Dominion Canners, Ltd.

J. E. EDGCOMB,
Local Manager.

14-c

Kodaks and supplies are sold in Napanee only at WALLACE'S Drug Store. "If it isn't an Eastman it isn't a Kodak."

WONDERLAND

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Mary MacLaren in a six reel special, "RONNIE BONNIE LASSIE." Also "RED GLOVE" and Comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

Select Pictures' present Clara Kimball Young in her greatest picture, "CHEATING CHEATERS" Also Comedy.

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

PEARL WHITE, in her latest and best serial, "THE BLACK SECRET" Also Jack Pickford in a seven reel special, BILL APPERSON'S BOY, a drama of a boy among the hill folks of Kentucky.

Special Matinee Wednesday at 4.15 p.m.

All children admitted for 5c. Special orchestra music Monday night.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop.

Masters & Snider

Funeral Directors and Embalming
Successors to the late firm Carscallen Bros.

Wall Papers, Mouldings, Window Shades, Poles and Trimmings.

Carscallen Bros'. Old Stand
Centre Street, Napanee
Phone—Office 30, Residence 145.

Notice to Camera Owners

Developing, Printing and Enlarging. Expert work guaranteed **I am not an amateur.** No need of sending your work out of town when you can have it done better and more promptly here. Regular prices. See our films for good results. Cameras for sale. Mail orders addressed to box 466 will receive every attention. Office on John street, next door to Shepherd's grocery.

Mrs. R. B. Shipman

To protect your furs use Red Cedar Flakes—decidedly better and not so offensive as moth balls. 25c. package at WALLACE'S Drug Store.

ALL THOSE ABOUT TO

BUILD HOMES, BARNS OR OTHER BUILDINGS

should see us and get **COMPLETE ESTIMATES** on all the material they require for the work.

PLANS and SPECIFICATIONS Prepared.

We supply

CEMENT, LUMBER, SHINGLES, ROLL FELT, GALVANIZED IRON, AND OTHER ROOFINGS

Mixed cars shipped of all you need in your building.
Goods Right ! Prices Right ! Service Right !

W. D. MIDMER,
Lumber and Building Supplies.
Mill and East Streets, NAPANEE, ONT.
'Phone, Office 14, Residence 123.
42tf

STRAND THEATRE !

House of First-Class Photo Plays

M. MAKER, Proprietor.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY, APRIL 2nd and 3rd

Aircraft Pictures present Charles Ray in a five reel Comedy Drama, "THE GIRL DODGER."

Also 2-reel Flagg Comedy, "PERFECTLY FLANDISH FLANNIGAN."

MONDAY and TUESDAY, APRIL 5th and 6th

Paramount Pictures present John Barrymore in a 5-reel Drama, "HERE COMES THE BRIDE."

Also Comedy and News.

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, APRIL 7th and 8th

Good 5-reel special feature, and 2nd episode of "TERRORS OF THE RANGE."

Napanee Orchestra will furnish the music on Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

REGULAR ADMISSION, 5 and 10 cents.

We pay the War Tax.

ROYAL HOTEL BARBER SHOP
HARRY SCOTT, Proprietor.
Everything Neat and Sanitary
Best of Service Guaranteed.
GIVE US A TRIAL

THE PLAZA BARBER SHOP TOBACCO STORE
Best Attention, Careful Workmen
Quality Brands of Cigars,
Tobacco, Cigarettes, Pipes, etc.
PAUL KILLORIN, Proprietor

The Best Service

A store can give its customers is to provide the best possible **VALUES** for the prices asked.

We seek to do this, and it is our purpose to make you feel you can absolutely depend upon the **QUALITY** of your purchases here.

OUR STOCK OF CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS MERIT YOUR CAREFUL CONSIDERATION.

THE GRAHAM CO'Y.,
Napanee, Ont.

ICE
I am in the ice business again this year. Have purchased another ice house and expect to be in a position to supply all demands.
S. CASEY DENISON
CENTRE STREET, NORTH
'Phone 101.

G. F. RUTTAN, K. C.
Barrister, Solicitor, etc.
Office—Merchant's Bank Chambers, NAPANEE.
Money to Loan.
Phones—Office 93, Residence 123

U. M. WILSON,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public
crown Attorney, Clerk of the Peace.
Phones—Office 46, Residence 125
Office—Dundas St., NAPANEE

H. W. SMITH
Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College. B. V. Sc., of Toronto University.
OFFICE—Centre Street.
PHONE 61

Dr. CAMERON WILSON
OFFICE—ROBERT STREET
House lately occupied by Mrs A. F. Holmes.
Telephone—262.

T. M. GALBRAITH
B. A., M. D., C. M.
Cor. Dundas and West Streets
Specialty—Diseases of Children.
Office hours—Until 9 a. m. 1 p. m. till 3 p. m. 7 till 9 p. m.
Telephone—279.

Dr. R. V. McLAUGHLIN, DENTIST
Entrance on John Street.
Over Wallace's Drug Store.
Telephone—10

W. T. BAIRD
ORGANIST AND CHOIR DIRECTOR
of Trinity Methodist Church
Teacher of Piano, Organ and Voice Culture.
A few pupils will be accepted.
Studio—Bridge Street, east.

Do not neglect to call and see our big display of
Bracelet Watches
We have beauties, all good grades, as we carry no cheap ones, so our name will carry a guarantee of Good Quality.
Watches from $17.00 Upwards.
Marriage Licenses.
Wedding Rings.
—at—
F. Chinneck's Jewellery Store

Woodhouse's celebrated poultry invigorator, animal invigorator, and louse powder, at DAVY'S Hardware and Stove Store.

BUY YOUR
BUTTER WRAPPERS
AT THIS OFFICE

For lice on cattle use the "New Electric Louse Powder"—safe to use and two applications a week apart do the work. 40c lb. at WALLACE'S.

GET IT AT
WALLACE'S

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.
ROST. LIGHT.

Ontario Business College, Limited.
BELLEVILLE, ONT.
52nd Year
Famed throughout Canada, the United States, the West Indies and South America for its thorough business training and the success of its thousands of graduates. The College publishes the three standard commercial text-books by J. W. Johnson, F.C.A.
Write for the free descriptive catalogue.
I. L. MOORE, Principal.

PHOTOS **Amateurs Attention** Picture Framing
Have your FILMS DEVELOPED and PRINTED by a Practical Photographer, at
THE COOKE STUDIO
Next to Napanee Post Office.
ENLARGING COPYING

NEW GARAGE!
Repairing and Painting all Makes of Cars
Independent of any special car.
Gasolene, Oils, Tires, Etc., always on hand.
DAY and NIGHT SERVICE.
Your patronage solicited.
J. M. GRAHAM, Proprietor.
Opposite Gibbard Furniture Factory.

Wife of Ex-Crown Prince Knew Much Unhappiness In German Royal Family

PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL, once intimately acquainted with the Teutonic courts, had given a peep behind the scenes of the unhappy married life of Cecile, daughter of the reigning house of the little Duchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and wife of the former Crown Prince of Germany. Her mother, a Russian princess, was never in love with Germany and the Germans, and after her marriage to the prince, who later became the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, took no pleasure in the German society of her new home, and spent the greater part of her life abroad, usually in the south of France. Her daughter, Cecile, who was born at Schwerin, September 20, 1886, shared her mother's antipathy to Germans. Nevertheless, after one or two refusals, she consented to marry the German Crown Prince, and repented at her leisure. The engagement of the prince and princess was distasteful both to the Kaiser and to the grand duchess, the mother of Princess Cecile. To the Kaiser it was distasteful because he heartily disliked the grand duchess as a Russian and by reason of her, unconcealed dislike of him. To the grand duchess it was distasteful because of her contempt for everything German, but she was willing to thwart the Kaiser's desires, and so gave her consent to the marriage. The Kaiser was piqued that the daughter of a woman whom he so cordially disliked should hesitate an instant over the question of accepting as her husband the heir to the German throne, and his royal will was aroused. And so the match was finally made up.

At Florence, in which the two young people were for a while staying, prior to the marriage, occurred the first quarrel between the two, the occasion being the cruel act of

PRINCESS CECILE.

the crown prince in killing viciously a small dog which the princess was fondling. This quarrel was soon made up, but the princess had gained an insight into the character of her fiance. The marriage occurred in June, 1905, performed in the ancient chapel of the old Castle of Berlin with great magnificence.

The crown princess speedily became a favorite with the Kaiser, who often took her part against the crown prince when that personage gave way to fits of brutality common to his character. The mother of the princess, by reason of the Kaiser's hatred, was not allowed to visit Berlin, the crown prince soon tired of his wife and treated her with neglect, and presently the day came when the crown princess felt that she was surrounded by enemies and had not a friend at hand. The author proceeds in great detail to describe the distressing life which the princess was forced to lead. At St. Moritz, Switzerland, where she was stopping for a while, not long after the birth of her first child, occurred a shocking scene in which the crown prince openly assaulted his wife, so that the occupants of the hotel were startled by her screams and rushed to her aid. Later, the crown prince being heavily in debt, he persuaded his wife to loan him some of the most valuable of her jewels, which he pawned in Vienna to raise the necessary sums to meet pressing liabilities. And when the jewels were missed and the matter of their absence became public the crown prince told his father, the Kaiser, that his wife had herself pawned the jewels to raise money to pay the claims of dressmakers and milliners. At this time the crown princess returned to her home in Schwerin with the intention of securing a separation from her husband.

Meantime active preparations were making for war, and of these preparations the crown princess was well aware and would have been glad to warn her relatives, but was prevented by her position as a German princess. At the wedding of the Kaiser's only daughter, indeed, she was warned not to utter a word in a whisper of impending trouble, but be failed to comprehend her meaning and inadvertently betrayed her, and the Kaiser afterward assured her that if he should go to war he certainly should not attack Russia. Nevertheless the crown princess saw trouble impending for Russia. She was closely connected with the imperial house of Russia and she had been brought up in France, where she had many friends. Officially, then, she was in the position of an enemy of many whom she loved. Nevertheless during the war, the writer tells us, Cecile bore herself with great tact, but was unpopular with her husband's family, who regarded her as a Russian.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Treat your seed grain for Smut Formildehyde, guaranteed full strength and directions for using at WALLACE'S. Bring your bottle

Milk cans and dairy pails at DAVY'S Hardware Store.

HEALTH PERFECT NOW SAYS BROWN

Suffered Ten Years—Is Relieved By Tanlac, says St. John Man

"I had suffered from indigestion for ten years before I began taking Tanlac, and the way it has built me up is something remarkable for I am feeling like a young man again," was the statement made recently by T. H. Brown, proprietor of the Valley Meat and Fish market, who lives at 41 Winter street, St. John, New Brunswick.

"I have certainly had my share of suffering in this world for I have been bothered for the past ten years with the worst sort of stomach trouble," Mr. Brown continued. "I had nearly lost my appetite and when I did force myself to eat a little something it was almost impossible for me to retain it. I even hated the sight of food, because everything I ate would sour on my stomach and give me an awful distressing feeling afterwards. My sleep was very restless and when morning came I always got up feeling tired and worn out.

"Here is how I got hold of Tanlac and started taking it. A customer of mine had been trying to get me to take Tanlac, as he had tried it and with remarkable results, but I kept putting it off. One day he walked into my shop and put a bottle of Tanlac down on the counter and said: 'try that.' I took his advice and I want to tell you that that proved to be the turning point of my life. The very first bottle hit the spot and I kept taking it until now I am in absolutely perfect health. I eat heartily now and enjoy every meal. My digestion was never better and I am not troubled afterwards at all. I sleep sound at night and get up of mornings feeling bright of life and energetic. Yes, sir, I am a new man to-day and feel years younger."

Tanlac is sold in Napanee at WALLACE'S Drug Store, in Camden East by R. J. OSTER, in Wagarville by S. JACKSON. (advt)

A BLIND MAN'S BAND.

Unique Organization Exists In City of Toronto.

If a blind musician who memorizes whole works of music without the use of his eyes is a prodigy, what is a brass band composed of twenty-six blind men?

Toronto has that band.

It was organized last September and will make its first public appearance soon.

Its members, most of whom have been blind all their lives, are engaged in mastering the intricate mysteries of the various brass and wooden musical instruments.

But their mastery of their parts, which, in band music, are a technical hodge-podge of harmonization, rests and stops, is the great miracle.

These blind men study their music with their fingers. Their music is written on long strips of brown paper with the Braille system of raised lettering.

"You see a band or an orchestra, no matter how expert, with its music set before its players. The Blind Men's Band must memorize every note of its music.

Mr. Joseph M. Dawson, bandmaster of the 30th Regiment, who took the band of the 244th Battalion overseas, is director of the Blind Band.

Last September, Mr. C. W. Carruthers and certain other leaders in the interests of the blind in Toronto decided that an instrumental band would be a most suitable form of interesting recreation for our blind, many of whom, as piano tuners, had a good grounding in music.

Mrs. Lionel Clarke, wife of the new Lieutenant-Governor, was asked to interest herself in the securing of the band instruments, and after a great deal of difficulty, persuaded the military authorities to let the blind men have the instruments of the 5th Battalion.

The blind men took to the band idea instantly, and the band now numbers twenty partly trained members, and six beginners. There are a number of piano tuners and several ex-soldiers in the band, all of whom have received practical training in music at the Brantford Institute for the Blind.

The players prepare their own music. Bandmaster Dawson selects a simple piece of band music and gathers the players together. He then reads each instrument's part to the blind player, who writes it out in the Braille characters. Each player then takes his music home, memorizes it, plays it; and at the weekly practices, which are held in the King street broom factory, the bandmaster corrects any misinterpretations, and plays over any obscure passage.

Canada's Population.

Canada's population is estimated by the Census Branch of the Trade and Commerce Department at 8,835,102. The census branch has based its estimate for the year 1919 on the known increases of population, as shown by the census of 1901 and 1911. Such calculations have in the past proved to be approximately correct. The estimates for the various provinces are:

Ontario	2,820,909
Quebec	2,326,528
British Columbia	718,660
Saskatchewan	754,090
Manitoba	618,903
Alberta	587,770
Nova Scotia	518,761
New Brunswick	368,760
Prince Edward Island	93,728
Northwest Territories	18,481
Yukon	8,512

It is thought that the figure for British Columbia may be a little high, inasmuch as immigration into the province between 1901 and 1911 was heavy, but showed a falling off in war years. Saskatchewan, it is also noted, claims a population of 833,000, or an increase of nearly 100,000 in slightly more than two years.

Estimates of city populations based on figures prepared for local assessment purposes include the following:

Montreal and outskirts, 743,964; Toronto, 473,829; Vancouver, 102,560.

Make your old hat look like new Use Hat Brite. All the new shades in stock at **Wilson's Hardware Store.**

GHOST HUNTING.

Science Is Now Considering Them Seriously.

Ghosts are exciting a rather extraordinary amount of attention just at present.

Science is considering them seriously. But this is no new thing, for men of learning for more than thirty years past, in this country and abroad, have devoted much study to the subject, as evidenced by the voluminous reports of the Society for Psychical Research.

It is a mistake to suppose that science has denied the existence of ghosts. In regard to them its attitude has been and is to-day one of respectful inquiry.

Science does not look upon ghosts (if such things there be) as supernatural phenomena. It wholly disbelieves in anything supernatural. If ghosts exist they are manifestations of some natural law that is not yet understood.

The obvious difficulty in an investigation of this kind is that it is impossible to capture a ghost or to place one convincingly on exhibition. Spectres seem to have no regular habits, and visits by scientific committees to notoriously haunted houses have been remarkably barren of apparitional results.

On the other hand, such quantities of apparently reliable and undeniably sincere testimony in behalf of spectres have been collected that a wholesale rejection of it as unworthy of credence would be most unreasonable.

Taking all of this mass of testimony together and sifting it (with due allowance for the presumable fact that much or most of it is based upon hallucination), the most interesting conclusion drawn relates to the aspect in which ghosts—assuming their actual existence—commonly present themselves.

Summing up the written statements and affidavits of thousands of credible witnesses, it would seem that the ghost of reality bears no resemblance to the conventional spectre of fiction which enters at the stroke of midnight, smelling of the grave and dragging a clanking chain.

On the contrary, the real and typical phantom has so much the aspect of a living person—though perhaps recognized as one long dead—as in many instances to invite accost. It is seemingly dressed in such garments as the dead person wore in life, and appears as often by daylight as in the night.

Its method of locomotion is one of gliding rather than walking. If addressed it pays no attention and may dissolve in mist or disappear through a wall or a door. Perhaps it is an old woman in a plaid shawl, seen at various times by different members of a household. She is seen to cross a hall and enter a room, but when followed the room is empty.

But by all odds the best incorsed type of ghost is the "death wraith," i.e., the apparition of a dying person beheld by another person at a distance possibly thousands of miles away. There are few families in which there is not a tradition, more or less well authenticated, of the transmission by this means of news of a death, later confirmed by letter or telegram.

Most interesting of the questions which confront the explorer of this mysterious domain is that which concerns the relation of these phenomena to human immortality.

It has been estimated that for every human being now alive at least 30,000 have died, so that if the "spiritual bodies" (to use St. Paul's term) of all preserve existence on the earth we survivors are but a relative few, passing a brief term of what we call life amid a vast impalpable swarm of beings incorporeal.

Science, however, demands a whole lot more evidence before it will admit the existence of ghosts. If such things there are, they are certainly harmless; they have never been known to injure anybody. Hence it would seem that our fear of them—a dread of the mysterious and unknown which we have inherited from our primitive ancestors, to whom everything not understood was supernatural—is in the last degree foolish and irrational.

Abalones.

Elsewhere than on the Pacific coast the abalone is an unfamiliar mollusk, save for its beautiful univalve shell, which yields a brilliantly colored mother-of-pearl that is utilized in the manufacture of many ornamental articles. Abalones occasionally contain valuable pearls, though usually the latter are "baroques"—i.e., of irregular shape.

On the Pacific coast, however, this shellfish is much esteemed as food. The dried "meats" are exported to China and Japan, and in large quantities are put up in cans. At Point Lobos, Calif., more than half a million pounds of abalones are canned annually by one concern.

They are found on rocky bottom, where there is a sufficient growth of marine plants to provide them with subsistence, their food being wholly vegetable. In shallow water they are sought in small boats, a box with a glass bottom being partly immersed to enable the fishermen to see them down below. A long pole with an iron hook on the end is used to effect their capture.

The abalone crop, however, is mostly gathered in deeper waters by Japanese divers. A regular diving outfit is employed, and the wearer stays down two or three hours, prying the mollusks loose with a short pointed iron rod and putting them into rope baskets, which are let down and hauled up at intervals.

There are a number of varieties of abalones—red, green, pink, etc. One hundred pounds of them yield sixty pounds of "meats," but of the latter only one-third is available for food purposes.

If the abalone takes alarm, it shuts down upon the rock so tightly that to detach it is almost impossible. On occasions lone fishermen have had their hands caught in this way, and, unable to extricate themselves, have been drowned by the rising tide.

Many of these lonely tragedies of the sea are unexplained, while in other cases the bodies of the victims are recovered when the tide goes out. The terrible grip of the shell defies even the wildest struggles.

Flint Pebbles.

The flint pebble industry gives employment to many women and children along the French coast between Havre and Dieppe. The pebbles collected in and near Havre are selected for their spherical shape, and are used for pulverizing in certain industries, particularly in the manufacture of cement and in copper mines, being employed in the interior of large cylinders.

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Pieces of Eight

Being the Authentic Narrative of a Treasure Discovered in the Bahama Islands in the Year 1903—Now First Given to the Public.

BY

RICHARD LECALLIENNE

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"Isn't It Time You Revealed Your Mysterious Aladdin's Cave?"

But presently, as my eyes kept on seeking, a figure rose, tall and black, near the water's edge, a little to our left, and shot up a long arm by way of signal. It was Samson; and evidently the mouth of the creek was right there in front of us—under our very noses, so to say—and yet it was impossible to make it out. However, at this signal, I stirred up The still sleeping crew, and presently we had the anchors up, and the engine started at the slowest possible speed.

The tide was beginning to run in, so we needed very little way on us. I pointed out Samson to the captain, and, following the "king's" instructions, told him to steer straight for the negro. Samson stood there and called:

"All right, sar. Keep right on. You'll see your way in a minute."

And, sure enough, when we were barely fifty feet away from the shore, and there seemed nothing for it but to run dead aground, low down through the floating mangrove branches we caught sight of a narrow gleam starting inland, and in another moment or two our decks were swept with foliage as the Flamingo rustled in, like a bird to cover, through an opening in the bushes barely twice her own beam; and there before us, snaking through the brush, was a lane of water which immediately began to broaden between palmetto-fringed banks, and was evidently deep enough for a much larger vessel.

"Plenty of water, sar," hallooed Samson from the bank, grinning a huge welcome. "Keep a-spying after me," and he started trotting along the creek side.

Samson went trotting along the twisting banks, we cautiously feeling our way after him, for sounding like a quarter of a mile; and then, coming round a sudden bend, the creek opened out into a sort of basin. On the left bank stood two large palmetto shanties. Samson indicated that there was our anchorage; and then, as we were almost alongside of them, the cheery hallos of a well-known voice hailed us. It was the "king"; and as I answered his welcome the morning suddenly sang for me—for there, too, was Calypso at his side.

The water run so deep at the creek's side that we were able to moor the Flamingo right up against the bank, and when I had jumped ashore and greeted my friends, and the "king" had executed a brief characteristic fantasia on the manifest advantages of having a hidden pirate's creek in the family, he unfolded his plans, or rather that portion of them that was necessary at the moment.

CHAPTER VI.

An Old Enemy.

Charlie Webster's laconic note was naturally our chief topic over breakfast. "Tobias escaped—just heard he is on your island. Watch out. Will follow in a day or two." The way the "king" read it out, when I handed him the note across the table.

"Your friend writes like a true man of action," he added, "like Caesar—and also the electric telegraph. We must send word to Sweeney to be on the lookout for him. I will send Samson the Redoubtable with a message to him this morning. Meanwhile we will smoke and think."

Then for the next hour the "king" thought—aloud; while Calypso and I sat and listened, occasionally throwing in a parenthesis of comment or suggestion. It was evident, we all agreed, that Calypso had been right. It had been Tobias and none other whose evil eye had sent her so breathless back to me, waiting in the shadow of the woods; and it was the same evil eye that had fallen vulture-like on her golden doubloon exposed on Sweeney's counter.

It was clear that there were such coins on the island in somebody's possession. Then, when he had watched Calypso on her way home—and without any doubt been the spectator of our meeting at the edge of the wood though we had been unable to catch sight of him—there would of course be a suspicion in his mind that my quest might at least be approaching success, and that his ancestral millions might be almost in my hands. That there might be some other treasure on the island with which neither he nor his grandfather had any concern would not occur to him, nor would it be likely to trouble him if it did. My presence was enough to prove that the treasure was his—for was it not his treasure that I was after? Logic irrefutable! How was he to know that all the treasure so far discovered was that modest hoard —unearthed, as I heard, in the garden—the present whereabouts of which was known only to Calypso. The "king" had interrupted himself at this point of argument.

"By the way, Calypso, where is it?" he asked unexpectedly, to the sudden confusion of both of us. "Isn't it time you revealed your mysterious Aladdin's cave?"

At the word "cave" the submerged rose in Calypso's cheeks almost came to the surface of their beautiful olive.

"Cave!"—she countered manfully, "who said it was a cave?"

"It was merely a figure of speech, which—if I may say so, my dear—might apply with equal fitness, say—to a silk stocking."

And Calypso laughed through another tide of rose-color.

"No, dad, not that, either. Never mind where it is. It is perfectly safe, I assure you."

"But are you sure, my dear? Wouldn't it be safer, after all, here in the house? How can you be certain that no one but yourself will accidentally discover it?"

"I am absolutely certain that no one will," she answered, with an emphasis on the last three words which sent a thrill through me, for I knew that it was meant for me. "Of course, dad," she added, "if you insist—you shall have it. But seriously I think it is safer where it is, and if I were to fetch it, how can I be sure that no one—she paused, with a meaning which I, of course, understood—"Tobias, for instance, would see me going—and follow me."

"To be sure—to be sure," said the "king." "What do you think, Friend Ulysses?"

"I think it more than likely that she might be followed," I answered, "and I quite agree with Miss Calypso. I certainly wouldn't advise her to visit her treasure just now—with the woods probably full of eyes. In fact," I added, smiling frankly at her, "I could scarcely answer for myself even —for I confess that she has filled me with an overpowering curiosity."

"So be it then," said the "king;" "and now to consider what our friend here graphically speaks of as those eyes in the woods."

The "king" then made a determined descent into the practical. The woods, most probably, were full of eyes. In plain prose, we were almost certainly being watched. Unless—unless, indeed, my bogus departure for Nassau had fooled Tobias as we had hoped. But, even so, with that lure of Calypso's doubloon ever before him, it was too probable that he would not leave the neighborhood without some further investigation—"an investigation," the "king" confessed, "which might well take the form of a midnight raid; murdered in our beds, and so forth."

That being so, being in fact almost a certainty, the "king" spoke as though he would be a much disappointed man otherwise—we must look to our garrison. After all, besides ourselves, we had but Samson and Erebus and their dark brethren of doubtful courage, while Tobias probably had command of a round dozen of doughty desperadoes. On the whole, perhaps, it might be best to avail ourselves of the crew of the Flamingo—"under cover of the dark," he repeated with a smile.

While we had been talking Samson had long since been on his way with the word to Sweeney to look out for Webster, and as he had been admonished to hurry back it was scarcely more than no[t] returned, bringing in exchange a verbal message from Sweeney.

"The pockmarked party," ran the message as delivered by Samson, "had left the harbor in his sloop that morning. Yes, sar!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed he "king," turning to me. "So two can play at that game, says Henry P. Tobias, Jr. But if we haven't fooled him let's make sure that he hasn't fooled us. We'll bring up your crew all the same—what do you think?"

"Under cover of the dark," I assented.

The "king's" instructions to me were that I was not to show my nose outside the house. I must regard myself as a prisoner with the entire freedom of his study—a large, airy room on the second floor, well furnished with all manner of books, old prints, strange fishes in glass cases, rods, guns, pipe racks, curiosities of every kind from various parts of the world.

And then I came upon a photograph hanging over the writing desk—a tall, Spanish-looking young woman of remarkable beauty. It needed but one glance to realize that here was Calypso's mother, and as was natural I stood a long time scanning the countenance that was so like the face which, from my first sight of it, had seemed the loveliest in the world. This was a flower that had been the mother of a flower. It was a face more primitive in its beauty, a little less touched with race than the one I loved, but the same fearless natural nobility was in it, and the figure had the same wild grace of pose, the same lithe strength of carriage.

Two or three days went by, but as yet there was no news of either Charlie Webster or Tobias. Nothing further had been heard of the latter in the settlement, and a careful patrolling of the neighborhood revealed no signs of him. Either his sailing away was a bona fide performance or he was lying low in some other part of the island—which of course would not be a difficult thing for him to do, as most of it was wilderness—and as also, there were one or two coves on the deserted northern side where he could easily hide his time. Between that coast and us, however, lay some ten miles of scrub and mangrove swamps, and it was manifestly out of the question to patrol them too. There was nothing to do but watch and wait.

At last there came a message from Charlie Webster, another of his Caesarian notes: "Sorry delays few days longer. Any news?" [illegible] That seemed to decide the "king." "What do you say, Ulysses," he said, "if we begin digging tomorrow? There are ten of us—with as many guns, four revolvers and plenty of machetes—not counting Calypso, who is an excellent shot herself."

I agreed that nothing would please me better—so an early hour the following morning found us with the whole garrison—excepting Samson, whom it had been thought wise to leave at home as a bodyguard for Calypso—lined up at the old ruined mansion with picks and shovels and machetes, ready to commence operations.

We had worked for a week before we made a clearance of the ground floor. Then at last we came upon a solidly built stone staircase, winding downward. After clearing away the debris with which it was choked to a depth of some twenty or thirty steps, we came to a stout wooden door studded with nails.

"The dungeon at last," said the "king."

"The kitchens, I bet," said I.

After some battering the door gave way with a crash, a moldering breath

It Was the Pirates' Wine Cellar.

as of the grave met our nostrils, and a cloud of bats flew in our faces and set the negroes screaming. A huge cavernous blackness was before us. The "king" called for lanterns.

As we raised these above our heads and peered into the darkness, we both gave a laugh.

"O'Toole—ho—ho—and a bottle of rum!" sang the "king."

For all along the walls stood or lay prone on trestles, a silent company of hogsheads, festooned with cobwebs like huge black wings. It was the pirates' wine cellar!

* * * * * * *

Such was our discovery for that day, but there is another matter which I must mention—the fact that somehow the news of our excavation seemed to have got down to the settlement. It is a curious fact, as the "king" observed, that if a man should start to dig for gold in the center of Sahara, with no possible means of communicating with his fellows, on the third day there would not fail to be someone to drop in and remark on the fineness of the weather. So it was with us. As a general thing not once in a twelvemonth did a human being wander into that wilderness where the "king" had made his home. There was nothing to bring them there, and, as I have made clear, the way was not easy. Yet we had hardly begun work when one and another idle nigger strolled in from the settlement and stood grinning his curiosity at our labors.

Toward evening of the third day we came upon a passage leading out of one of the cellars; it had such a promising appearance that we kept at work later than usual, and the sun had set and night was rapidly falling as we turned homeward.

As we came in sight of the house we were struck by the peculiar hush about it, and there were no lights in the windows.

"No lights!" the "king" and I exclaimed together, involuntarily hurrying our steps, with a foreboding of we knew not what in our hearts. As we crossed the lawn the house loomed up dark and still and the door opening onto the loggia was a square of blackness in a gloom of shadows hardly less profound. Not a sound, not a sign of life!

"Calypso!" we both cried out, as we rushed across the loggia. "Calypso! where are you"—but there was no answer; and then I, being ahead of the "king," stumbled over something dark lying across the doorway.

"Good heaven! what is this?" I cried, and bending down I saw that it was Samson.

The "king" struck a match. Yes! it was Samson, poor fellow, with a dagger firmly planted in his heart.

Near by something white caught my eye attached to the lintel of the doorway. It was a piece of paper held there with a sailor's knife. I tore it off in a frenzy, and—the "king" striking another match—we read it together. It bore but a few words, written all in capital letters with a coarse pencil:

"WILL RETURN THE LADY IN EXCHANGE FOR THE TREASURE," and it was signed "H. P. T."

CHAPTER VII.

In Which I Lose My Way.

"The audacity of the fellow!" exclaimed the "king," who was the first to recover.

"But Calypso!" I cried.

The "king" laid his hand on my shoulder reassuringly.

"Don't be afraid for her," he said. "I know my daughter."

"But I love her!" I cried, thus blurting out in my anguish what I had designed to reveal in some tranquil chosen hour.

"I have loved her for twenty years," said the "king," exasperatingly calm, "Jack Harkaway" can take care of himself."

I was not even astonished at the time.

"But something must be done," I cried. "I will go to the commander at once and rouse the settlement. Give me a lantern," I called to one of the negroes, who by this had come up to us, and were standing around in a terrified group. I waited only for it to be lit, and then, without a word, dashed wildly into the forest.

"Hadn't you better take someone with you?" I heard the "king" call after me, but I was too distraught to reply, plunging headforemost through the tangled darkness—my brain boiling like a cauldron with anger and a thousand fears, and my heart stung, too with wild, unreasoning remorse. After all, it was my doing.

"To think! to think! to think!" I cried aloud—leaving the rest unspoken.

I meant that it had all come of my insensate pursuit of that filthy treasure, when all the time the only treasure I coveted was Calypso herself. Poor old ignorant Tom had been right after all. Nothing good came of such enterprises. There was a curse upon them from the beginning. And then, as I thought of Tobias, my body shook so that I could hardly keep on walking, and next minute my hatred of him so nerved me up that I ran on through the brush like a madman, my clothes clutched at by the devilish vines and torn at every yard.

I must past the scene of our excavations, looking more haunted than ever by the flashing gleam of the lantern. With an oath I left them behind, as the accursed cause of all this evil; but I cannot have gone by them many yards when suddenly I felt the ground giving way beneath me with a violent jerk. My arms went up in a wild effort to save myself, and then, in a panic of fright, I felt myself shooting downward as one might fall down the shaft of a mine. Vainly I clutched at rocky walls as I sped down in the earth-smelling darkness. I seemed to be falling forever, and for a moment my head cleared and I had time to think of the crash that was coming at the end of my fall—a crash which, I said to myself, must mean death.

Vainly I Clutched at Rocky Walls.

It came with sudden crunching pain, a swift tightening round my heart, as though black ropes were being lashed tightly about it, squeezing out my breath; then entire blackness engulfed me and I knew no more.

* * * * * * *

How long I lay there in the darkness I cannot tell. All I remember is suddenly opening my eyes on intense blackness, and vaguely wondering where I was. My head seemed entirely detached from my body, of which so far I was unconscious. But presently the realization of it returned, and involuntarily I tried to move—to find with a sort of indifferent mild surprise that it was impossible.

So there I lay, oddly content, in the dark—the pungent smell of the earth my only sensation, and my head uselessly clear.

The remembrance of what had happened began to grow in force and keenness and, of a sudden, the thought of Calypso smote me like a sword! Spurred to desperate effort, I stood up on the instant and leaned against a rocky wall. Miracle of miracles! I could stand. I was not dead, after all. I was not, indeed, so far as I could tell, seriously hurt. Badly bruised, of course—but no bones broken. It seemed incredible, but it was so. The realization made me feel weak again, and I sat down with my back propped up against the rock, and waited for more strength.

Slowly my thoughts fumbled around the situation. Then, as by force of habit, my hand went to my pocket. God be praised! I had matches, and I cried with thankfulness, out of very weakness. But I still sat on in the dark for a while. I felt very tired. After drinking about a pint for a long time, I took out my precious matchbox, which unconsciously I had been hugging with my hand, and struck a light, looking about me in a dazed fashion. The match burnt down to my fingers, and I threw it away, as the flame stung me. I had seen something of my surroundings, enough to last my tired brain for a minute or two. I was at the bottom of a sort of crevasse, a narrow cleft in the rocks which continued on in a slanting downward chasm into the darkness. It was a natural corridor, with a floor of white sand. The sand had accounted for my coming off without any broken bones.

After another minute or two I struck another match, and lo! another miracle. There was my lantern lying beside me. The glass of it was broken, but that was no matter. I lit the wick my hopes leapt up with the flame. At the worst I had light.

I swung my lantern aloft, seeking the possibilities of a climb, but everywhere it was sheer, without a ledge or protuberance of any kind to take advantage of, and it was utterly devoid of vegetation—not a sign of a friendly shrub or root to hold by.

I had sense enough to know that I was too tired to think profitably, and drowsiness coming over me told me that an hour or two's sleep would give me the strength I needed to cope with a will and more chances of success my efforts to escape.

Light was too precious to waste, so I blew out my lantern, and, curling up on the sand, almost instantly fell asleep. But before I lapsed into unconsciousness I had clutched hold of one sustaining thought in the darkness—the assurance of Calypso's safety, so confidently announced by her father: "Don't be afraid for her. I know my daughter." Whatever happened to me, she would come out all right. As her brave shape flashed before my mind's eye, down there under the earth, I could have no doubt of that.

My instinct had been right in giving way to my drowsiness, for I woke up from my sleep a new man. How long I had been there, of course, I had no means of knowing; but I fancy I must have slept a good while, for I felt so refreshed and full of determination to tackle my escape in good earnest.

I had hardly relit my lantern when its rays revealed another cleft, and it seemed impossible for anyone with eyes, however weary, to have overlooked.

In the right-hand corner of the little cavern, five or six feet above my head, was a dark hole, like the entrance to a tunnel, or, more properly speaking a good-sized burrow—for it was scarcely more than a yard in diameter. It seemed to be something more than a mere cavity in the rock. For, when I flashed my lantern up to it I could see no end. To climb up to it at first seemed difficult; but providentially, I had a stout clasp knife in my pocket, and with this I cut a step or two in the porous rock, and so managed it. Lying flat on my stomach, I looked in.

It was, as I had thought, a narrow natural tunnel, snaking through the rocks—as often happens in those curious fantastic natural formations—for all the world, indeed, as if it had been made ages ago by some monstrous primeval serpent, a giant wormhole, no less, leading—heaven alone knew where.

There was just room to crawl along it on all fours, so I started cautiously, making sure I had my precious matches and my jackknife all safe.

I progressed, I should say, for some twenty or thirty yards, when, to my inexpressible relief, I came out, still on all fours, onto a rocky floor, and then, standing up, I perceived that I was in a cave of considerable loftiness and some forty feet or so across. It was good to breathe again such comparatively free air; and as I looked about and made the circuit of the walls, I saw that I had but exchanged one prison for another. There was this difference, however: whereas there had only been one passageway from the cave I had just left, there were several similar outlets from that in which I now stood. Two or three of them proved to be nothing but alcoves that ran a few yards and then stopped.

But there were two close by each other which seemed to extend on. There was not much choice between them, but as both made in the same direction, so far as I could judge the direction in which I had so far progressed, I decided to take the larger one. It proved to be a passage much like the tunnel I had already traversed, only a little roomier, and therefore it was easier going, and it, too, brought me out, as had the other, on another cavern—but one considerably larger in extent.

I had stumbled on something like a Monte Cristo suite of underground apartments. And here for a moment I released my imagination from her blinders, and allowed her to play around these strange halls. And in one of her suggestions there was some comfort. It was hardly likely that caverns of such extent had waited for me to discover them. They must surely have been known to Teach, or whatever buccaneer it was who had occupied the ruined mansion not so very far above ground.

I set about the more carefully to examine every nook and corner. Two iron staples imbedded in one of the walls, with rusting chains and manacles attached, were melancholy proof of one of the uses to which the place had once been put. Melancholy for certain unhappy souls long since free of all mortal chains, but for me—need I say it?—exceedingly joyous. For if there had been a way to bring prisoners here it was none the less evident that there had been a way to take them out. But how and where? Again I searched every nook and cranny. There was no sign of entrance anywhere.

Then a thought occurred to me. What if the entrance were after the manner of a medieval oubliette—through the ceiling! There was a thought indeed to send one's hopes soaring. I ran in my eagerness through one cavern after another, holding my lantern aloft. That must be the solution. There could be no other way. I sought and sought, but alas! it was a false hope, and I threw myself down in a corner in despair, deciding that the prisoners must have been forced to crawl in as I had—though it was hardly like jailers to put themselves to such inconvenience.

I leaned back against the wall and gazed listlessly upward. Next moment I had bounded to my feet again. Surely I had seen some short, regular lines running up the face of the rock, like a ladder. I raised my lantern. Sure enough, they were iron rounds set in the face of the rock, and they mounted up till I lost them in the obscurity, for the cave here must have been forty feet high. Blessed heaven! I was saved!

But alas! they did not begin till some six feet above my head, and the way was sheer. How was I to reach the lowest rung? The rock was too sheer for me to cut steps in, as I had done farther back. I looked about me. Again the luck was with me. In one of the caves I had noticed some broken pieces of fallen rock. They were terribly heavy, but despair lent me strength, and after an hour or two's work, I had managed to roll several of them to the foot of the ladder, and —with an effort of which I would not have believed myself capable—had been able to build them one on top of another against the wall. So, I found myself able to grasp the lowest rung with my hands. Then, fastening the lantern round my neck with my necktie, I prepared to mount.

The climb was not difficult, once I had managed to get my feet on the first rung of the ladder, but there was always the chance that one of the rungs might have rusted loose with time, in which case, of course, it would have given way in my grasp, and I should have been precipitated backward to certain death below.

However, the man who had mortised them had done an honest piece of work, and they proved as firm as on the day they were placed there. Up and up I went, till I must have been forty feet above the floor, and, then, as I neared the foot, instead of coming to a trap door, as I had conjectured, I found that the ladder came to an end at the edge of a narrow ledge, running along the ceiling much as a clerestory runs near the roof of some old churches. On to this I managed to climb. It was barely a yard wide, and the impending roof did not permit of one's standing erect. It was a dizzy situation, and it seemed safest to crawl along on all fours, holding the lantern in front of me. Presently it brought me up sharp in a narrow recess. It had come to an end.

To be Continued

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Children Cry for Fletcher's

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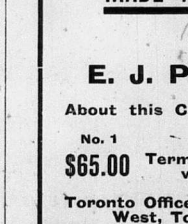

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Pieces of Eight

Being the Authentic Narrative of a Treasure Discovered on the Bahama Islands in the Year 1903—Now First Given to the Public.

BY

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

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But presently, as my eyes kept on seeking, a figure rose, tall and black, near the water's edge, a little to our left, and shot up a long arm by way of signal. It was Samson; and evidently the mouth of the creek was right there in front of us—under our very noses, so to say—and yet it was impossible to make it out. However, at this signal, I stirred up the still sleeping crew, and presently we had the anchors up, and the engine started at the slowest possible speed.

The tide was beginning to run in, so we needed very little way on us. I pointed out Samson to the captain, and, following the "king's" instructions, told him to steer straight for the negro. Samson stood there and called:

"All right, sar. Keep right on. You'll see your way in a minute."

And, sure enough, when we were barely fifty feet away from the shore, and there seemed nothing for it but to run dead aground, low down through the floating mangrove branches we caught sight of a narrow gleam starting inland, and in another moment or two our decks were swept with foliage as the Flamingo rustled in, like a bird to cover, through an opening in the bushes barely twice her beam; and there before us, snaking through the breach, was a lane of water which immediately began to broaden between palmetto-fringed banks, and was evidently deep enough for a much larger vessel.

"Plenty of water, sar," hallooed Samson from the bank, grinning a huge welcome. "Keep a-going after me," and he started trotting along the creek side.

Samson went trotting along the twisting banks, we cautiously feeling our way after him, for something like a quarrier of a mile; and then, coming round a sudden bend, the creek opened out but into a sort of basin. On the left bank stood two large palmetto shanties. Samson indicated that there was our anchorage; and then, as we were alongside of them, the cheery halloos of a well-known voice hailed us. It was the "king;" and as I answered we believe the morning suddenly sang for me—for there, too, was Calypso on the bank.

The water ran so deep at the creek's side that we were able to moor the Flamingo right up against the bank, and when I had jumped ashore and greeted my friends with the "king" had executed a brief characteristic fantasia on the manifest advantages of having a hidden pirate's creek in the family, he unfolded his plans, or rather that portion of them that was necessary at the moment.

CHAPTER VI.

An Old Enemy.

Charlie Webster's laconic note was naturally our chief topic over breakfast. "Tobias escaped—just heard he is on your island. Watch out. Will follow in a day or two." The "king" read it out, when I handed him the note across the table.

"Your friend writes like a true man of action," he added, "like Caesar—and also the electric telegraph. We must send word to Sweeney to be on the lookout for him. I will send Samson the Redoubtable with a message to him this morning. Meanwhile we will smoke and think."

Then for the next hour the "king" thought—aloud; while Calypso and I sat still, listened, occasionally throwing in a parenthesis of comment or suggestion. It was evident, we all agreed, that Calypso had been right. It had been Tobias and none other whose evil eye had sent her so breathless back to me, waiting in the shadow of the woods; and it was the same evil eye that had fallen vulture-like on her golden doubloon exposed on Sweeney's counter.

It was clear that there were such coins on the island in somebody's possession. Then, when he had watched Calypso on her way home—and without any doubt been the spectator of our meeting at the edge of the wood though we had been unable to catch sight of him—there would of course be a suspicion in his mind that my quest might at least be approaching success, and that his ancestral millions might be almost in my hands. That there might be some other treasure on the island with which neither he nor his grandfather had any concern would not occur to him, nor would it be likely to trouble him if it did. My presence was enough to prove that the treasure was his—for was it not his treasure that I was after? Logic irrefutable! How was he to know that all the treasure so far discovered was that modest hoard—unearthed, as I heard, in the garden—the present whereabouts of which was known only to Calypso. The "king" had interrupted himself at this point of argument.

"By the way, Calypso, where is it?" he asked unexpectedly, to the sudden confusion of both of us. "Isn't it time you revealed your mysterious Aladdin's cave?"

At the word "cave" the submerged rose in Calypso's cheeks almost came to the surface of their beautiful olive.

"Cave!" she countered manfully, "who said it was a cave?"

"It was merely a figure of speech, which—if I may say so, my dear—

"Isn't It Time You Revealed Your Mysterious Aladdin's Cave?"

might apply with equal fitness, say—to a silk stocking."

And Calypso laughed through another tide of rose-color.

"No, dad, not that, either. Never mind where it is. It is perfectly safe, I assure you."

"But are you sure, my dear? Wouldn't it be safer, after all, here in the house? How can you be certain that no one but yourself will accidentally discover it?"

"I am absolutely certain that no one will," she answered, with an emphasis on the last three words which sent a thrill through me, for I knew that it was meant for me. "Of course, dad," she added, "if you insist—you shall have it. But seriously I think it is safer where it is, and if I were to fetch it, how can I be sure that no one—else paused, with a meaning which I, of course, understood—"Tobias, for instance, would see me going—and follow me."

"To be sure—to be sure," said the "king." "What do you think, Friend Ulysses?"

"I think it more than likely that she might be followed," I answered, "and I quite agree with Miss Calypso. I certainly wouldn't advise her to visit her treasure just now—with the woods probably full of eyes. In fact," I added, smiling frankly at her, "I myself scarcely answer for myself even—for I confess that she has filled me with an overpowering curiosity."

"So be it then," said the "king;" "and now to consider what our friend here graphically speaks of as those eyes in the woods."

The "king" then made a determined descent into the practical. The woods, most probably, were full of eyes. In plain prose, we were almost certainly being watched. Unless—unless, indeed, my bogus departure for Nassau had fooled Tobias as we had hoped. But, even so, with that lure of Calypso's doubloon ever before him, it was too probable that he would not leave the neighborhood without some further investigation—"my invention," the "king" explained, "which might well take the form of a midnight raid; murdered in our beds, and so forth."

That being so, being in fact almost a certainty—the "king" spoke as though he would be a much disappointed man otherwise—we must look to our garrison. After all, besides ourselves, we had but Samson and Erebus and their dark brethren of doubtful courage, while Tobias probably had command of a round dozen of doughty desperadoes. On the whole, perhaps, it might be best to avail ourselves of the crew of the Flamingo—"under cover of the dark," he repeated with a smile.

While we had been talking Samson had long since been on his way with the word to Sweeney to look out for Webster, and as he had been admonished to hurry back it was scarcely noon when he returned, bringing in exchange a verbal message from Sweeney.

"The pockmarked party," ran the message as delivered by Samson, "had left the harbor in his sloop that morning. Yes, sar!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed he "king," turning to me. "So you can play at that game, says Henry F. Tobias, Jr. But if we haven't fooled him let's make sure that he hasn't fooled us. We'll bring up your crew all the same—what do you think?"

"Under cover of the dark," I assented.

The "king's" instructions to me were that I was not to show my nose outside the house. I must regard myself as a prisoner with the entire freedom of his study—a large, airy room on the second floor, well furnished with all manner of books, old prints, strange fishes in glass cases, rods, guns, pipe racks, curiosities of every kind from various parts of the world.

And then I came upon a photograph hanging over the writing desk—a tall, Spanish-looking young woman of remarkable beauty. It needed but one glance to realize that here was Calypso's mother, and as was natural I stood a long time scanning the countenance that was so like the face which, from my first sight of it, had seemed the loveliest in the world. This was a flower that had been the mother of a flower. It was a face more primitive in its beauty, a little less touched with race than the one I loved, but the same fearless natural nobility was in it, and the figure had the same wild grace of pose, the same lithe strength of carriage.

Two or three days went by, but as yet there was no news of either Charlie Webster or Tobias. Nothing further had been heard of the latter in the settlement, and a careful patrolling of the neighborhood revealed no signs of him. Either his sailing away was a bona fide performance or he was lying low in some other part of the island—which of course would not be a difficult thing for him to do, as most of it was wilderness—and as, also, there were one or two coves on the deserted northern side where he could easily hide his time. Between that coast and us, however, lay some ten miles of scrub and mangrove swamps, and it was manifestly out of the question to patrol them too. There was nothing to do but watch and wait.

At last there came a message from Charlie Webster, another of his Caesarian notes: "Sorry delays few days longer. Any news?"

That seemed to decide the "king." "What do you say, Ulysses," he said, "if we begin digging tomorrow? There are ten of us—with as many guns, four revolvers and plenty of machetes—not counting Calypso, who is an excellent shot herself."

I agreed that nothing would please me better—so an early hour the following morning found us with the whole garrison—excepting Samson, whom it had been thought wise to leave at home as a bodyguard for Calypso—lined up at the old ruined mansion with picks and shovels and machetes, ready to commence operations.

We had worked for a week before we made a clearance of the ground floor. Then at last we came upon a solidly built stone staircase, winding downward. After clearing away the debris with which it was choked to a depth of some twenty or thirty steps, we came to a stout wooden door studded with nails.

"The dungeon at last," said the "king."

"The kitchens, I bet," said I.

After some battering the door gave way with a crash, a moldering breath

It Was the Pirates' Wine Cellar.

as of the grave met our nostrils, and a cloud of bats flew in our faces and set the negroes screaming. A huge cavernous blackness was before us. The "king" called for lanterns.

As we raised these above our heads and peered into the darkness, we both gave a laugh.

"To—ho—ho—and a bottle of rum," sang the "king."

For all along the walls stood or lay prone on trestles, a silent company of hogsheads, festooned with cobwebs like huge black wings. It was the pirates' wine cellar!

* * * * *

Such was our discovery for that day, but there is another matter which I must mention—the fact that somehow the news of our excavation seemed to have got down to the settlement. It is a curious fact, as the "king" observed, that if a man should start to dig for gold in the center of Sahara, with no possible means of communicating with his fellows, on the third day there would not fail to be someone to drop in and remark on the fineness of the weather. So it was with us. As a general thing not once in a twelvemonth did a human being wander into that wilderness where the "king" had made his home. There was nothing to bring them there, and, as I have made clear, the way was not easy. Yet we had hardly begun work when one and another idle nigger strolled in from the settlement and stood grinning his curiosity at our labors.

Toward evening of the third day we came upon a passage leading out of one of the cellars; it had such a promising appearance that we kept at work later than usual, and the sun had set and night was rapidly falling as we turned homeward.

As we came in sight of the house we were struck by the peculiar hush about it; and there were no lights in the windows.

"No lights!" the "king" and I exclaimed together, involuntarily hurrying our steps, with a foreboding of we knew not what in our hearts. As we crossed the lawn the house loomed up dark and still and the door opening onto the loggia was a square of blackness in a gloom of shadow hardly less profound. Not a sound, not a sign of life!

"Calypso!" we both cried out, as we rushed across the loggia. "Calypso! where are you"—but there was no answer; and then I, being ahead of the "king," stumbled over something dark lying across the doorway.

"Good heaven! what is this?" I cried, and bending down I saw that it was Samson.

The "king" struck a match. Yes! it was Samson, poor fellow, with a dagger firmly planted in his heart.

Near by something white caught my eye attached to the lintel of the doorway. It was a piece of paper held there with a sailor's knife. I tore it off in a frenzy, and—the "king" striking another match—we read it together. It bore but a few words, written all in capital letters with a coarse pencil:

"WILL RETURN THE LADY IN EXCHANGE FOR THE TREASURE," and it was signed "H. P. T."

CHAPTER VII.

In Which I Lose My Way.

"The audacity of the fellow!" exclaimed the "king," who was the first

WELCOME RELIEF FROM ECZEMA

Complete Treatment That Gives Gratifying Results

WARING, ONT.

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to recover.

"But Calypso!" I cried.

The "king" laid his hand on my shoulder reassuringly.

"Don't be afraid for her," he said. "I know my daughter."

"But I love her!" I cried, thus blurting out in my anguish what I had designed to reveal in some tranquil chosen hour.

"I have loved her for twenty years," said the "king," exasperatingly calm. "Jack Harkaway can take care of himself."

I was not even astonished at the time.

"But something must be done," I cried. "I will go to the commander at once and rouse the settlement. Give me a lantern," I called to one of the negroes, who by this had come up to us, and were standing around in a terrified group. I waited only for it to be lit, and then, without a word, dashed wildly into the forest.

"Hadn't you better take someone with you?" I heard the "king" call after me, but I was too distraught to reply, plunging headforemost through the tangled darkness—my brain boiling like a cauldron with anger and a thousand fears, and my heart stung, too with wild, unreasoning remorse. After all, it was my doing.

"To think! to think! to think!" I cried aloud—leaving the rest unspoken.

I meant that it had all come of my ignoble pursuit of that filthy treasure, which all the time the only treasure I coveted was Calypso herself. Poor old ignorant Tom had been right after all. Nothing good came of such enterprises. There was a curse upon them from the beginning. And then, as I thought of Tobias, my body shook so that I could hardly keep on walking, and next minute my hatred of him so nerved me up that I ran on through the brush like a madman, my clothes clutched at by the devilish vines and torn at every yard.

I fled past the scene of our excavations, looking more haunted than ever in the flashing gleam of the lantern. With an oath I left them behind, as the accursed cause of all this evil; but I cannot have gone by them many yards when suddenly I felt the ground giving way beneath me with a violent jerk. My arms went up in a wild effort to save myself, and then, in a spasm of fright, I felt myself shooting downward as one might fall down the shaft of a mine. Vainly I clutched at rocky walls as I sped down in the earth-smelling darkness. I seemed to be falling forever, and for a moment my head cleared and I had time to think of the crash that was coming at the end of my fall—a crash which, I said to myself, must mean death.

Vainly I Clutched at Rocky Walls.

It came with sudden crunching pain, a swift tightening round my heart, as though black ropes were being lashed tightly about it, squeezing out my breath; then entire blackness engulfed me and I knew no more.

* * * * *

How long I lay there in the darkness I cannot tell. All I remember is suddenly opening my eyes on intense blackness, and vaguely wondering where I was. My head seemed entirely detached from my body, of which so far I was unconscious. But presently the realization of it returned, and involuntarily I tried to move—to find with a sort of indifferent mild surprise that it was impossible.

So there I lay, oddly content, in the dark—the pungent smell of the earth my only sensation, and my head uselessly clear.

The remembrance of what had happened began to grow in force and keenness and, of a sudden, the thought of Calypso smote me like a sword! Spurred to desperate effort, I stood up on the instant and leaned against a rocky wall. Miracle of miracles! I could stand. I was not dead, after all. I was not, indeed, so far as I could tell, seriously hurt. Badly bruised, of course—but no bones broken. It seemed incredible, but it was so. The realization made me feel weak again, and I sat down with my back propped up against the rock, and waited for more strength.

Slowly my thoughts fumbled around the situation. Then, as by force of habit, my hand went to my pocket. God be praised! I had matches, and I cried with thankfulness, out of very weakness. But I still sat on in the dark for a while. I felt very tired. After thinking about it for a long time, I took out my precious matchbox, which unconsciously I had been hugging with my hand, and struck a light, looking about me in a dazed fashion. The match burnt down to my fingers, and I threw it away, as the flame stung me. I had seen something of my surroundings, enough to last my tired brain for a minute or two. I was at the bottom of a sort of crevasse, a narrow cleft in the rocks which continued on in a slanting downward chasm into the darkness. It was a natural corridor, with a floor of white sand. That had accounted for my coming off without any broken bones.

After another minute or two I struck another match, and lo! another miracle. There was my lantern lying beside me. The glass of it was broken, but that was no matter. As I lit the wick my hopes leapt up with the flame. At the worst I had light.

I swung my lantern aloft, seeking the possibilities of a climb, but everywhere it was sheer, without a ledge or protuberance of any kind to take advantage of, and it was utterly devoid of vegetation—not a sign of a friendly shrub or root to hold by.

I had sense enough to know that I was too tired to think profitably, and drowsiness coming over me told me that an hour or two's sleep would give me the strength I needed to renew with a will and more chances of success my efforts to escape.

Light was too precious to waste, so I blew out my lantern, and, curling up on the sand, almost instantly fell asleep. But before I lapsed into unconsciousness I clutched hold of one sustaining thought in the darkness—the assurance of Calypso's safety, so confidently announced by her father: "Don't be afraid for her. I know my daughter." Whatever happened to me, she would come out all right. As her brave shape flashed before my mind's eye, down there under the earth, I could have no doubt of that.

My instinct had been right in giving way to my drowsiness, for I woke up from my sleep a new man. How long I had been there, of course, I had no means of knowing; but I fancy I must have slept a good while, for I felt so refreshed and full of determination to tackle my problem as I had never been.

I had hardly relit my lantern when its rays revealed something which it seemed impossible for anyone with eyes, however weary, to have overlooked.

In the right-hand corner of the little cavern, five or six feet above my head, was a dark hole, like the entrance to a tunnel, or, more properly speaking, a continuation of the cave—it was scarcely more than a yard in diameter. It seemed to be something more than a mere cavity in the rock. For, when I dashed my lantern up to it I could see no end. To climb up to it at first seemed difficult; but providentially, I had a stout clasp knife in my pocket, and with this I cut a step or two in the porous rock, and so managed it. Lying flat on my stomach, I looked in.

It was, as I had thought, a narrow natural tunnel, snaking through the rocks—and human hapless in those curious fantastic coral formations—for all the world, indeed, as if it had been made ages ago by some monstrous primeval serpent, a giant wormhole, no less, leading—heaven alone knew where.

There was just room to crawl along it on all fours, so I started cautiously, making sure I had my precious matches and my jackknife all safe.

I progressed, I should say, for some twenty or thirty yards, when, to my inexpressible relief, I came out, still on all fours, onto a spreading floor; then, standing up, I perceived that I was in a cave of considerable loftiness and some forty feet or so across. It was good to breathe again such comparatively free air; yet, as I looked about and made the circuit of the walls, I saw that I had but exchanged one prison for another. There was this difference, however: whereas there had only been one passageway from the cave I had just left, there were several similar outlets from that in which I now stood. Two or three of them proved to be nothing but alcoves that ran a few yards and then stopped.

But there were two close by each other which seemed to continue on. There was not much choice between them, but as both made in the same direction, so far as I could judge the direction in which I had so far progressed, I decided to take the larger one. It proved to be a passage much like the tunnel I had already traversed, only a little roomier, and therefore it was easier going, and it, too, brought me out, as had the other, on another cavern—but one considerably larger in extent.

I had stumbled on something like a Monte Cristo suite of underground apartments. And here for a moment I released my imagination from her blinders, and allowed her to play around these strange halls. And in one of her suggestions there was some comfort. It was hardly likely that caverns of such extent had waited for me to discover them. They must surely have been known to Tom, or what, ever buccaneer it was who had occupied the ruined mansion not so very far above ground.

I set about the more carefully to examine every nook and corner. Two iron staples imbedded in the walls of the walls, with rusting chains and manacles attached, were melancholy proof of one of the uses to which the place had once been put. Melancholy for certain unhappy souls long since free of all mortal chains, but for me—need I say it?—exceedingly joyous. For if there had been a way to bring pris-

Children Cry for Fletcher's

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HOW FROST HURTS POTATOES.

Three Distinct Types of Injury Occur During Cold Snaps.

Freezing causes heavy losses annually to potato-growers and dealers. Frost injury may occur in the field before or during the harvest period, at any stage in transportation and marketing, or later in storage. Under certain years of severe early frosts losses, indeed, are heavier from freezing than from any of the common potato diseases.

Three distinct types of injury occur during cold storage," all of which are very common.

If potatoes are actually frozen solid clear through on one side they become pulpy and mushy when thawed and are easily detected and rejected in storage lots.

Freezing is often limited to one side of the potato which may have been placed above the soil or near the heat in contact with a cold wall.

Tubers stored at low temperatures 28 to 34 degrees F. for a month or more, turn sweet." This turning sweet is popularly termed "chilling" and is supposed to be due to slight freezing injury. This is incorrect. It is due to produced low temperature as well as to ice formation in the tissues, and does not mean of freezing injury. Potatoes which have been slightly frozen do not necessarily turn sweet, and on the other hand, potatoes may be sweet because of prolonged cold storage without a trace of frost or "chilling" at all.

If potato tubers are exposed to the action of temperatures below about 28 deg. F. for a short time, many of them will, upon cutting, show dark discolorations of the tuberous flesh. These internal symptoms of freezing differ very considerably in appearance but they have certain characteristics in common. They are generally most marked at the stem end of the tuber, and in cases of slight injury are limited to this. They cannot, as a rule, be detected by the external appearance of the tuber although upon steeping such injured tubers will more than normal ones.

The discolorations most commonly appear as dark blotches scattered irregularly through the flesh, especially in the outer flesh. Very often, however, the lines continue to make a solid or ring patch. Sometimes these may be mistaken for certain tuber diseases and the possibility of such is indeed old.

Generally during cold exposure certain tubers succumb while others may under like conditions are unharmed, an indication that certain tubers are more susceptible to frost injury than are others.

Do not plant potatoes which show freezing injuries. They may grow but the sprouts are more readily killed than the body of the tuber and therefore mild injury may not kill the tuber. Seed tubers which have been frosted usually produce more sprouts, however, and are liable to rot before the plants are well established if these sprouts.

Watch the temperature of your storage room in winter. A simple way to do this is to have a pail of water in the building. Water begins to freeze at about 32 deg. F., and potatoes at about 28 deg. F. Ice forming in the water therefore serves as a timely warning of impending danger to the potatoes and at the same time, it will, in freezing, actually release heat, which retards the fall of the temperatures. Actual freezing does not begin in potatoes until the cell sap nature drops to some point between 28 deg. F.

If potatoes are shipped during cold weather in a heated car, provision for circulation of air from the stove to all parts of the car. This will prevent black heart in potatoes near the stove and frost injury in those in the outer parts of the car.

Coarse Wool Wanted.

Figures recently given out by the Canadian Co-operative Wool Growers, Ltd., show there are 1,923 shareholders in the organization. The total amount of wool handled last year was 3,311,366 pounds, of which 2,985,443 was contributed by the west. All the western wool has been sold excepting 225,000 pounds. The close of the war killed the demand for coarser wool fabrics and made slow sales, but a better demand was to be expected soon as there was a depletion of the flocks in Australia, New Zealand and the Argentine.

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DRAINAGE IS IMPORTANT

Some Benefits of a Well Devised Drainage Plan.

Guesswork Is the Poorest Method to Adopt—Get the Land Levels and Then Arrange for Tiling — How to Protect Drainage Outlets.

(Contributed by Ontario Department of Agriculture, Toronto.)

WHEN a man is about to erect a building, be it ever so small, the first thing he does is to make a plan. That plan may be on paper or it may exist only in the mind of the builder, yet it is a plan. Without a plan to follow, a builder cannot do good work. The same is true of tile drainage. The man who places a "string" or "line" of tile in a watercourse, which traverses his fields, should not do so without asking himself such questions as: "Am I putting this tile in the lowest part?" "Will I be able to get a satisfactory outlet? How many acres will this tile drain, and is it large enough to drain it satisfactorily? Have I sufficient grade to drain the holes in the rear lots?" If he does not ask himself these questions he is like a builder without a plan; he is working in the dark; his work cannot be efficient. All these questions the drainage plan answers, and more.

No matter how small the means, for immediate construction of drains, or how few the drains which one is about to install, he should not do so without having first laid out a plan of which these drains will be a part. On rolling land such a plan is not hard to decide upon, because the differences in elevation are very pronounced, and a man who is familiar with such lands is able to intelligently plan a system of drains for them. But where the area is large and the land comparatively regular, or very flat, guesswork is out of the question, it is then that we must resort to the tape and the levelling instrument for reliable information.

A drainage plan shows first of all the differences in height or elevation between all parts of the farm over which the survey extended. This allows the owner of the land to plan his own system of drainage. The possession of the levels for all parts of the farm lays bare the most advantageous routes for tile drains, from a study of the levels and contours of the plan it is possible to calculate the grade which each tile must drain. This information together with the fall or grade procurable is the only true guide to help decide upon the size of tile needed in any given drain. It is only when the planner has a picture of the whole project before him that he can draft an efficient yet economical plan of drains for any piece of land.

Future Benefits.—The benefits of a plan do not end with the completion of the drainage system. Only those of us who have tried long and hard to find a drain, the location of which was nowhere recorded, know the value of guidance such as is offered by a plan. When a tile-drained farm is offered for sale the existence of a plan of drains adds greatly to the value of the farm. The plan is of equal value to both the seller and buyer. With proper care well-constructed tile drains will give good service for several generations; therefore for the convenience of our children and grandchildren it is necessary to have a plan of our underground drainage work.

There is another way in which a drainage plan is very helpful to a farm owner; it is a splendid guide toward ascertaining the acreage of any field or part of the farm. Fences are located on the plan, and the whole plan drawn to scale, so that with the aid of a rule it is possible to measure the area of any part of the land surveyed. This is of great assistance in planning a season's crops as well as in calculating yields per acre.

Tile drainage pays; but, before you start even a small system by all means secure a plan.—G. Heimpel, O. A. College, Guelph.

Protecting Drainage Outlets.

Tile, particularly clay tile, should not run out to the mouth of the drain. If a piece of old gas pipe, eight or ten feet long, can be secured, this should be placed in the drain in place of the last few tile. Failing this a piece of corrugated steel, or even a plank trough is much better than running the tile right to the end, where they will be broken, washed into the outlet, or otherwise destroyed, allowing the earth to roll in and stop the flow of water.

Under any condition the bank is liable to wear away. Animals pasturing in the field may trample down, and block the tile, so in the second place, an abutment should be built through which the outlet discharges its water and the bank will be kept in a state of preservation. This may be made of concrete, stone or plank, and should be a permanent structure. In some cases where the flow is heavy and the water would have a tendency to undermine the wall, it is well to build an apron on which the force of the falling water is broken.

There is still another precaution which should be given due consideration. Frequently small animals, muskrats, coons, ground hogs and others, seek refuge in the tile. Here they are entrapped and drowned in the flowing water. To overcome such, the outlet should have bars across the end. These may be quite small, and close together so that nothing can get through. A screen may be fitted over the end, but unless the mesh is quite large the water is retarded in its flow. Sometimes the first tile is threaded with wire. This forms a good protection.

When all these devices are given attention, the outlet should remain in a state of efficiency for years, and the system, if properly installed, should give satisfaction.—F. L. Ferguson, O. A. College, Guelph.

Good Advice.

So we advise mere man to assume a detached and philosophical attitude toward women's styles. There is no use getting excited, no use trying to change them, no use appealing to a woman to abjure them. The best thing to do is to let the women have their own way. It is the only thing to do, because they'll have it anyway. So what's the use. Besides, it is nothing but vanity and imagination that makes men think they know better than women what is best for women.—Saskatoon Daily Star.

GRADE-NAMES FOR APPLES.

Numbers Used Against Us In Competition With U. S.

In his report on general apple market conditions in the United Kingdom, Fruit Trade Commissioner J. Forsythe Smith points out that a new and interesting feature on the market has been the greatly increased quantities of British Columbia apples, which, following the policy of centralized selling so strongly advocated in previous reports, have been mainly sold at the large distributing centres, and most of them at auctions where they have special opportunities of impressing a representative gathering of buyers from all parts of the country.

Mr. Smith reports that, apart from one shipment, these apples arrived in excellent condition, "and will," he says, "do much to advance the prestige of the British Columbia pack, and to give it its proper place on a level with the better known and highly appreciated output of Washington and Oregon."

Commenting on the good reception given a shipment of British Columbia Wealthies No. 2, Mr. Smith remarks that it would be mistaken policy to ship No. 2's in quantity at a time when efforts should be specially directed to impressing buyers with the fact "that there is no essential difference between the best British Columbia and American packs, though there is a field for this grade, especially in years of short crops and high prices. Further, in reference to this matter of the quality of British Columbia apples, as compared with those from Washington and Oregon, Mr. Smith says:—

"A question arises in this connection to which British Columbia shippers should give serious attention. There is no doubt but that British Columbia apples are greatly handicapped in competition with Washington and Oregon by the difference between their grading nomenclature and that of their competitors. This applies particularly to No. 2's. Washington and Oregon call their best grades "Extra Fancy" and "Fancy," names which suggest confidence, and in cases where the grading is good, the color in the Fancy grade not markedly inferior, and the counts desirable, 135 to 188, there is frequently very little difference in the price offered in the auction for Extra Fancy and Fancy. The second grade of British Columbia apples, on the other hand, is stigmatized with a grade indication associated in the minds of the buyers with the very decided difference between No. 1 and No. 2 apples, especially as regards size and color, impressed upon them by the only dealings in No. 2's with which they have had previous experience, viz., the barreled grade. This fixed impression in the minds of the buyers is undoubtedly reflected in the values returned.

"It is no disparagement to the barrel apple to say that the system of hand-picked selection, accurate sizing and counts adopted by box packers, perhaps especially the fact that the same popular medium counts are found in both No. 1 and No. 2 places the No. 2 boxed apple in a superior position in regard to market demand, and there is everything to be gained by a change in the grade name indication. Washington and Oregon already have the very decided advantage of an established position unique in its hold upon the buyers, and with increasing exports the competition is bound to be so keen that British Columbia cannot afford to neglect any means that will strengthen her prestige and place her on a level with her competitors.

"One decided step in the right direction has already been taken in the adoption of the American box, whose superiority in the eyes of the trade in this country is quite as marked as it has been for years among the prairie distributors. A further step in the direction of uniform grade-marking is very strongly advocated by the importers, and there is no doubt but that the changing of grade names from No. 1 and No. 2 to Extra Fancy and Fancy would remove considerable handicap from No. 2's, while adding an attractive selling name even to No. 1's. Nothing is said about No. 3, because in the ordinary course it is not expected that No. 3's will come forward. Some shipments of American C grade, however, have come forward in short crop years, when they have been as greatly helped by their grade name, "Choice," as they would undoubtedly have been handicapped if placed in the "No. 3" category.

"A concrete instance of the trade feeling on this point may be illustrative. At the Liverpool sale of No. 2 Wealthies, the large apples were mainly deficient in color, but many of the counts of small apples showed up very well in the sample boxes opened for the inspection of the bidders. A well-known buyer leaned across to the writer and asked, 'Why in the world do they mark those apples No. 2? They would sell as No. 1 any day.' If they had been sold as Fancy, no such surprise would have been felt or expressed. It is safe to assert that no buyer regards the Washington Fancy grade box as at all in the same category as the No. 2 barrel apple, though this association of inferior grade and equality is forced upon his mind in the case of British Columbia No. 2's, with adverse effect on the buying.

"One point, however, should be taken into consideration. If the Fancy grade replaced the present No. 2 there would have to be more insistence upon color requirements than are provided for by the Inspection and Sale Act for No. 2. But in any case the keenness of competition would make this necessary, unless No. 1's alone are to be offered against the American Extra Fancy and Fancy."

Thus there is in that single pint of innocent-looking fluid enough power to lift six tons 750 feet into the air. In Sweden nettles are cultivated for the purpose of providing fodder for cattle.

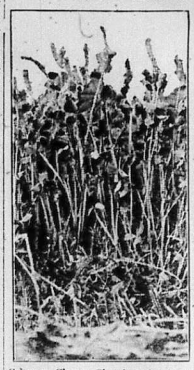
One pint of gasoline represents 12,000 "B.T.U.'s" of energy. A "B.T.U." (short for British thermal unit) will lift 750 pounds one foot.

Little Things In Farming.

Often the "little things" may become the "great things" in farming. It all depends upon the interest farmers take in the various divisions of farming. Give poultry, bees, vegetable gardening, fruit and other branches a chance to prove the value of these divisions.

Seeding Clover In Autumn.

Crimson clover may be seeded early in September, and from then on through October, depending on the section. In the south a great deal of unhulled crimson clover seed is used. This gives just as good satisfaction as the hulled seed, but it is harder to handle. In either case the farmer will be wise if he has a test made of the seed he intends to sow, so that he may know whether the



Crimson Clover, Showing the Most Advanced Stage of Ripening Which

Is Allowable for Use as Hay.

sample contains weed seeds and what percentage of the seed will grow. This matter should be attended to in plenty of time so that it will not be necessary to buy at the last moment and sow it without knowing whether or not the seed is good.

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Greater Egg Production.

While unquestionably the supply of eggs in Canada is much less than the demand, it would appear that the whole question of increasing production could well be considered on a somewhat different plane than was the case during the war. The dollar, the selling price of the product, has brought home to farmers and producers as never before the profitableness of poultry-keeping. People generally want to keep more and better poultry. The logical line of action, therefore, would seem to be to help people to do what they want to do. It has been suggested that this can best be done through the holding of meetings at which ways and means of increasing production could be discussed.

These discussions might well be directed along lines of housing and feeding, selection of vigorous breeding stock, securing of maximum production, the hatching of eggs, the rearing of chickens and the most up-to-date methods of increasing production. The demand is there. The people are anxious to secure this information, and the opportunity will be lost if poultry associations, farmers' institutes and educational institutions everywhere do not take advantage of responding to the call that exists today for information.

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